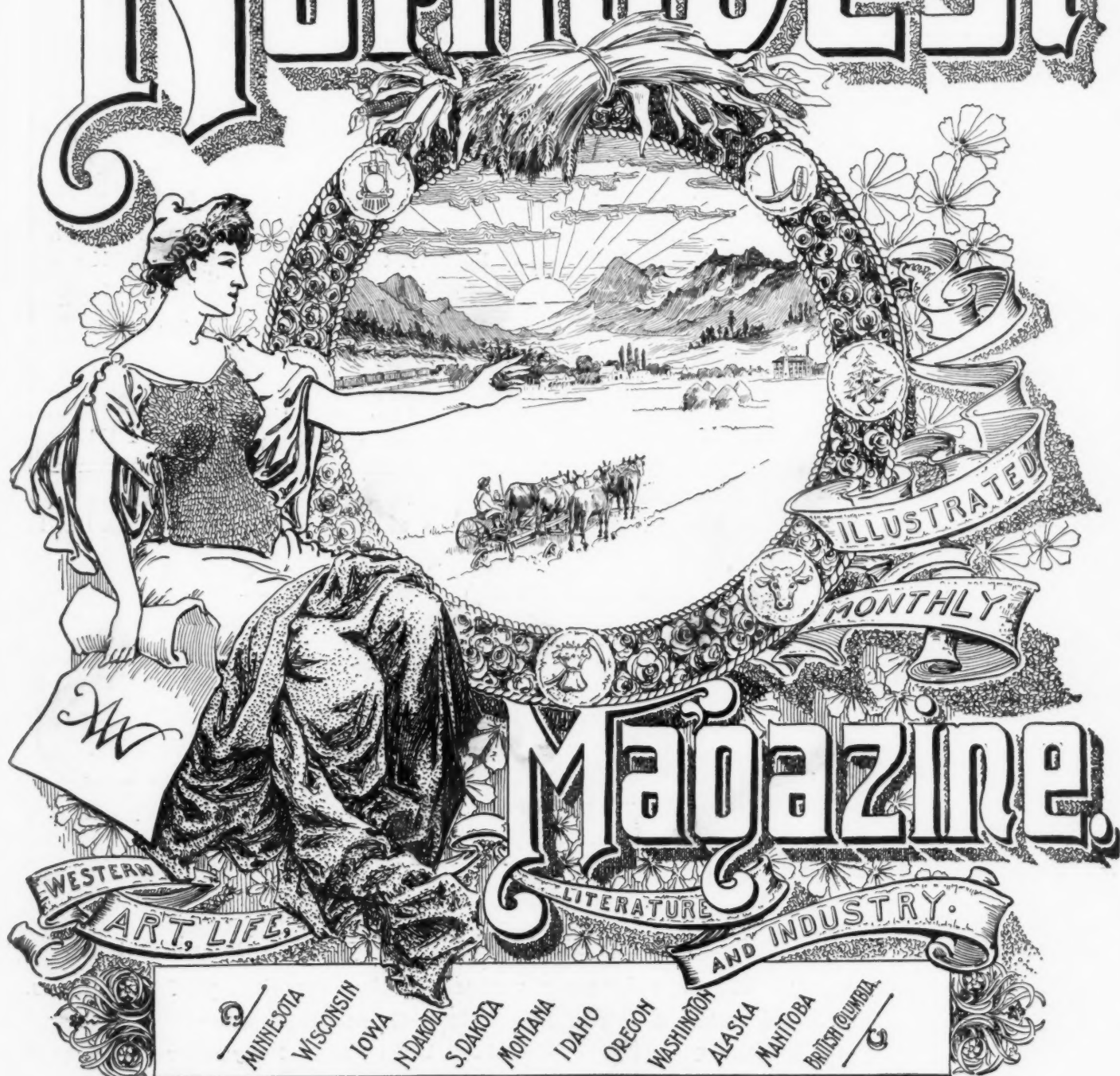


The Northwest

AUGUST, 1897. VOL. XV. NO. 8.

867391

AUG 6 1897



Published by E. V. SMALLEY, St. Paul, Minn. Two Dollars a Year. Twenty Cents a Copy.

In this issue:

"Bound Down"--From Duluth to Buffalo via the Great Lakes.
The Dalles of the St. Croix.
A Tale of the Mountains.
The Story of a Trade-Mark.

THIS cut shows a new **FEATURE** in vehicle building. The body **SWINGS BACKWARDS and FORWARDS.**

We are **SOLE MAKERS** of this celebrated **FULL-SWING BUGGY.**

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The body is hung from the ends of the short top springs by swinging body hangers. On the **BED** so made by **THESE HANGERS**, the body rests and rides. These hangers turn in bearings attached to the bottom of the body, which permit the body to have a free backward and forward swinging motion. Notice the ends of the short top springs are **NOT ATTACHED**

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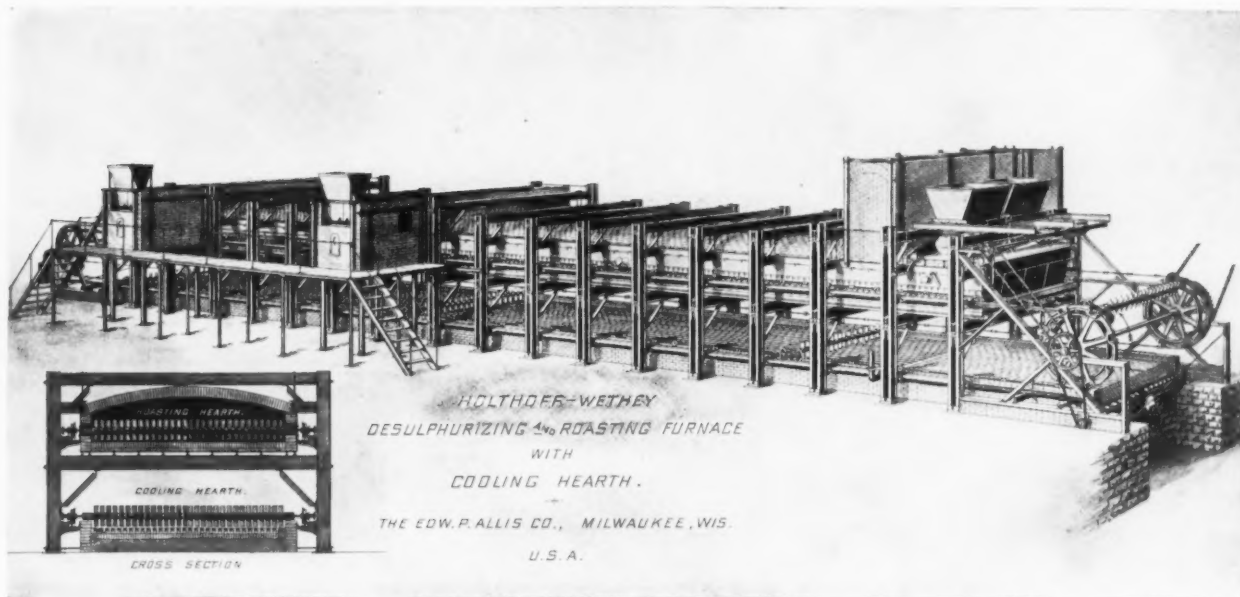
The **Queen Bolt and Nut** give the blade absolutely firm bearings,
Thereby insuring comfort to the user, and unequaled durability of the shears.
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Consequently will **OUTWEAR TWO PAIR** of any other shears made.

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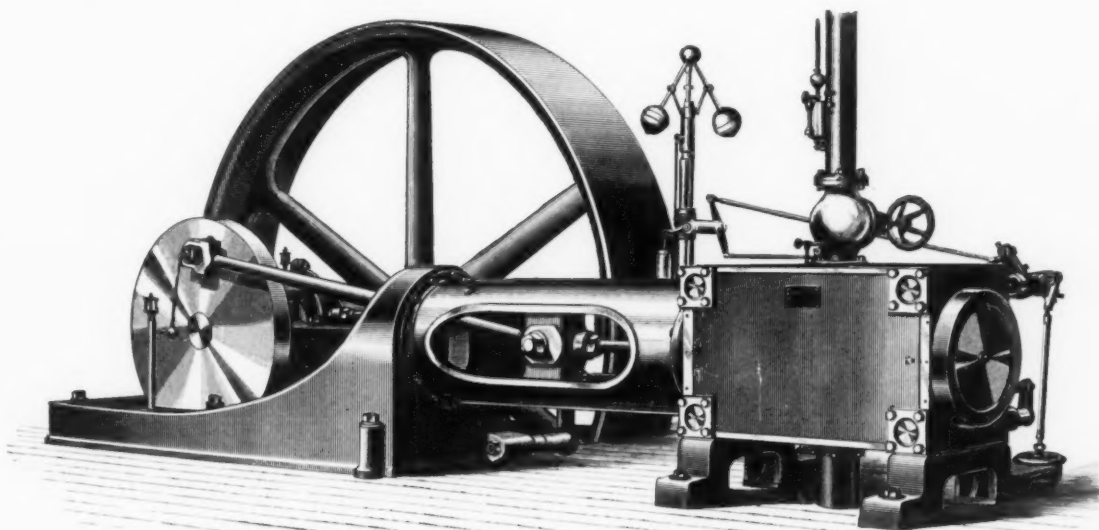
The above Cut ... Illustrates the **Holthoff=Wethey** . . .



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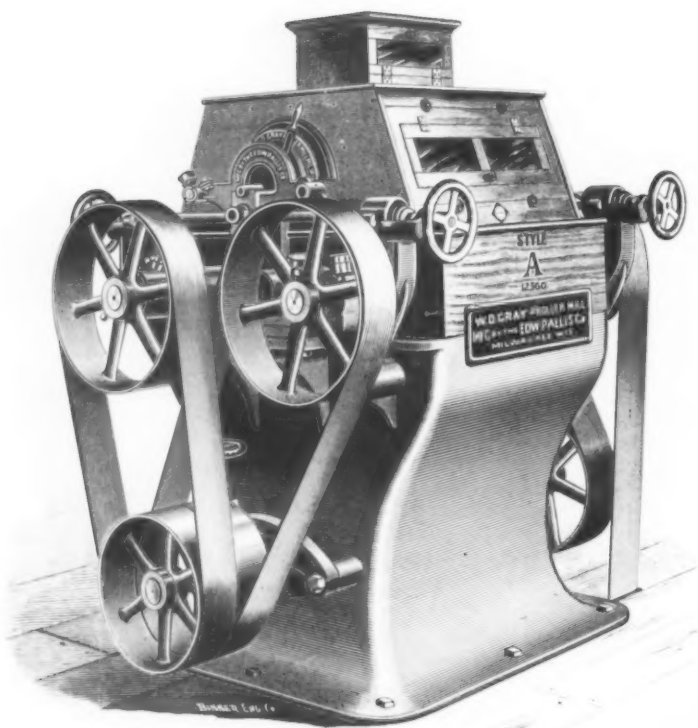
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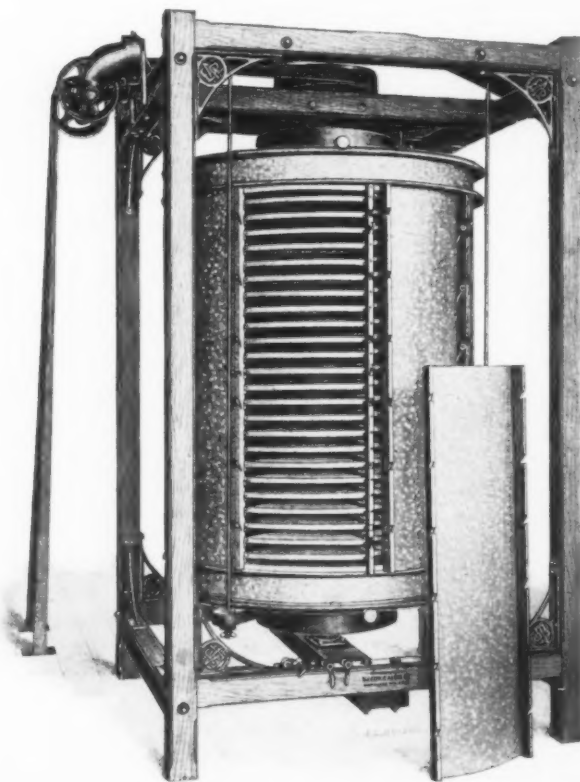
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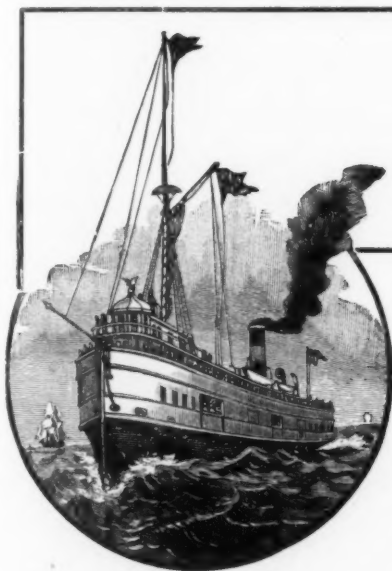
Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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VOL. XV.—No. 8.

ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1897.

TERMS: 1 20 CENTS PER COPY.
\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



"BOUND DOWN."

From Duluth to Buffalo via the Great Lakes.

Looking down from one of those castles in the air, hung between breeze and rock above the harbor of Duluth, I watched one day, as in a picture, the coming of the ships. To the east stretched away the ever-widening expanse of the Great Lake, while below me the hills of the city smiled across the water at the shores of Superior, low-lying under a canopy of smoke. Far up the bay, where rise the masts of our farthest inland navigation, stretched vast lumber-piles, the output of neighboring mills. Nearer, rose the giant trestle-work of the ore-docks, where the wealth of the Mesaba Iron Range is transferred from train to boat. Here a flour warehouse stretched its length by the water-side, and the demon of traffic shrieked from the rails of a dozen centering lines. On the water-front also stood towering elevators, ready to solemnize the commercial union of grain-car and lake freighter.

Across the bay lay busy shipyards, from whose stocks slid off mysterious iron-mailed monsters—the fresh-water whales, within whose capacious jaws three thousand Jonahs might stow themselves comfortably. The harbor was alive with moving craft, from the huge passenger steamer slowly entering her slip, to the white-sailed pleasure yacht and the tiny racing-shell. There, steamed a lumber boat, its decks piled high with cedar or with pine; here plied the little ferries; and tugs, alert for their prey,—

the great freighters, whose heralding smoke appeared on the horizon,—darted hither and thither. Suddenly a deep-booming signal was heard far down the lake, answered by two of the swiftest tugs. Out they sped, leaving a wake of white foam behind. Then, with the aid of a glass, I saw, far to the east, the misty outline of a white-hulled ship, swiftly steaming into port. As on she came, majestically cutting the blue waves and belching volumes of black smoke from her slanting funnels, the fascination of an inland voyage possessed me. To sail from end to end of the "Unsalted Seas" became an insistent longing. To taste the joy of floating idleness on that far, blue pathway, seemed life's supremest good.

Now the tugs bring the glistening hull of the North Land alongside the dock; the gang-plank is lowered, and down troop smiling tourists, eager to taste what novelty this (supposed) outpost of civilization can offer. They scatter;—some, to the haunts of mallard and wild deer along marshy stream and lonely lake; some to spend a delightful summer here, where cool breezes and the breath of the pine forest woo them to tarry forever; others, pursued by the demon of hurry even to this remote center, make a hasty tour of the city from park to park, along the wind-swept boulevard, and so back to the waiting North Land. They have seen, in that comprehensive glance, a city of sixty thousand souls whose wants are supplied by tributary country producing seventy-five million bushels of grain yearly; nor can any Eastern visitor escape without having thrust upon his attention the "Finest High School Building in America," supplemented by twenty others, inferior, perhaps, in size and beauty, but not in equipment.

A few of our dreams come true, and the fulfillment of the most cherished of mine began on that wonderful June afternoon when I found myself on the forward deck of a down-bound ship, swiftly moving out into the interminable blue of Lake Superior. The faces on

the dock grew dim, and the fluttering white kerchiefs were lost behind the smoke of the tugs, as the familiar heights of the city gradually grew indistinct and melted at last into the hazy sea. But how exhilarating was the swift movement of the ship! Every breath seemed full of life and vigor, for the breeze was tempered by miles of ice-cold water. Clad in our warmest winter garments, we gloried in the ever-changing forms of the green billows; now parting in a crested furrow from our prow, now swelling in renewed contest as we passed, now spreading in a wild succession of level rapids from the unseen stroke of the mighty propellers. Off the north shore we caught our last view of Minnesota in the dark-green hills of Two Harbors; and the smoke of an ore train climbing up to the Iron Range, rose like the spirit of the wilderness.

We felt an unutterable sense of isolation—of being the only thing of life afloat on this waste of waters, when a whistle signaled the approach of a ship. We were meeting a fleet of ore boats, the first steaming along, towing two others, their sails spread wide to the helping wind. We saw how romance on the lakes has vanished before the prosaic introduction of steam. But we caught a glimpse of its old-time glamour in this vision of an up-bound freighter and consorts, with their weather-darkened sails now faint against the evening sky. Not long after, we sighted, far to the south, the dim outline of land, where the nearest of the Twelve Apostles reared their round, massy heads. We recalled the Chippewa legends yet haunting those embowering shores, and the old Mission, where the work of the Jesuit still doth follow him. We lingered late upon the deck, watching the sun drop down the distant void, and then there followed the long, mystical glory of the after-glow, subtlest charm of this northern latitude. The faint light climbed high in the zenith and spread in a magic half-circle, its base a restlessly tossing line of billows. As darkness closed down upon the North Land we watched the coming of the stars, and the late-rising moon was shamed by the white radiance at our mast-head. At last we were lying in our luxurious stateroom, gazing out at the moonlit water stretching in silvery leagues away and away to infinite distance. The ponderous driving power of the ship was noticeable in the pulsation that came and went, like the breathing of some marine monster at rest on the dreamful sea. We could hear the faint, far sound of the orchestra, mingled with the rush of the parting waves. Then came blissful nothing; and yet the ship

goes steadily on through the night, her compasses so carefully set for the "Soo," that not a foot of the scheduled distance is changed. O Man-at-the-Wheel! what if you sleepily "Let her come a little more," and the passing freighter crash into our steel bow? O patient Lookout! what if dreams seize you, standing so quietly at watch through the long summer night?

Early morning brought a loveliness all its own. The wind had died away and the lake was tinged with rose. The sun came up slowly, its broad disk rising from the edge of the water, round, wonderful, as if the daily miracle were now performed for the first time. We were passing the pine-covered shores of the Upper Peninsula. Here, where prehistoric man once delved for the copper, which, formed into rude ornaments or utensils, is scattered throughout the region of the Mound Builders, the miner of today still sinks his shaft and works the exhaustless depths, while the busy ships ply up

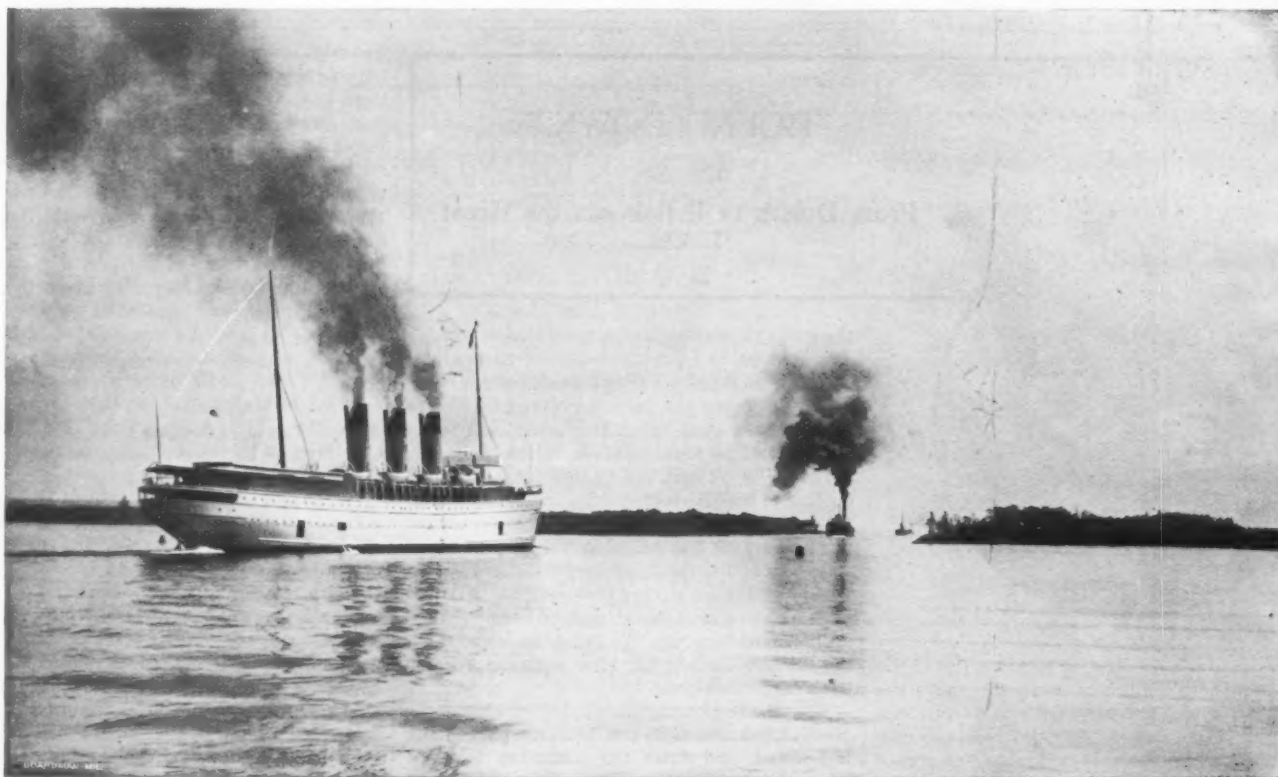
sand and gravel at the bottom of the channel. A turn of a rope, a rattling of chains, and, with a ton or more of stone and mud in their iron grasp, the hand suddenly let go and the contents were dropped on the slimy scows below. Most interesting was our passage through the lock, the largest in the world. We examined the hydraulic building and gazed at the massive gates. Meanwhile our boat was taken in tow by two tugs and brought gently down the lock until her mighty bulk left the forward tug scarce room to turn. The heavy gates unclosed; down went the water; but, by means of the valves, the descent was made so steadily that one could hardly realize any movement. Soon we were on a level with the river below, the gates closed behind us, and a message was flashed to the ports of the Great Lakes:

"Passed the Soo at 12:15, Steamer North Land Bound Down."

With a parting salute of the tugs, and with a deprecatory boom of our whistle to the boats

chinery or smokestacks, or a certain number or color of the latter, or perhaps a crescent, star, anchor, or other device. Whenever a familiar craft met our view, we realized anew Duluth's importance as a port.

Soon we passed yellow sand-hills, covered with deep pine woods. Lumbering towns appeared on the shore, with mills whose grimy slab-burners stood, in very truth, unquenchable censers of the piny cathedral. Opposite Detour the ruins of old Fort Drummond may be seen. As we were leaving Detour Pass, there rose out of the sunlit blue of Lake Huron the upright masts of a sunken steamer. The gulls flew over it, and the waves lapped against its white spars, as our fancy tried to lure from the engulfing waters the secret of the disaster. But we turned our questioning eyes to the west, and in the light of a matchless June evening we passed Les Cheneaux (The Snow) Islands, dear to the heart of the bass fisher, and beheld, set in the shining ring that unites Huron and Michigan,



VESSELS ENTERING HAY LAKE THROUGH THE NEW CHANNEL IN ST. MARY'S RIVER.

and down, laden with precious ore. We soon left the copper region behind, and, with prow turned to the southeast, were making for the Sault Sainte Marie. We had come more than two hundred miles upon our way, and yet half the length of the "Big-Sea-Water" remained to be traversed. By eleven o'clock we were again in sight of land; on the left the Point of Pines, on the right the green headlands and curving shores of St. Mary's River, and we cast one backward glance to that *Lac Supérieur* whose changeful waters had been inspiration and companionship to us for many a month. We had reached the "Soo."

Yonder we caught a glimpse of the sudden slant of the Rapids, to avoid which the Government canals have been built. Above, stretched away the tenfold span of the international railway bridge, and in the midst of the wildest rapids were the half-breeds fishing from their rocking canoes. We passed several dredging outfits, where immense shovels, like a human hand and arm, were thrust by steam into the

waiting their turn to be locked through, as if saying, "Beg pardon for having detained you," we were steaming down the river, past the high Canadian hills. The "Soo" is a goodly town with fine elms and buttercup-spangled highways, Post Brady-on-the-Hill, a military station, being its most noteworthy object, aside from the ship canal. The lower St. Mary is picturesque in the extreme, with its myriad of islands clothed in summer foliage. Here and there appeared vistas in the trees, through which the sun shone with brilliant effect. All along this shore were the huge diamond-shaped targets, bearing upon their faces painted X's, the steering ranges by whose aid the wheelsman avoids shoals, rocks, and dangerous eddies. The channel through Hay Lake had been deepened recently by Government work, cutting off a much-dreaded distance through the old route.

Each line of boats, be it freight or passenger, has its own distinguishing feature, apart from the name, by which it may be recognized. This may be its general build, the placing of its ma-

the solitary gem, Mackinac the Beautiful!

From the deck we could see the white-walled fort, and winding roads leading down to the water's edge, where cottage and summer hotel jostle each other for space. At the dock, people were disembarking from boats from Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and from minor lake cities. The Island is rich in historic associations. Here was the station and central market of the American Fur Company, whose old books are still exhibited to tourists. Here, too, the Coureurs de Bois had a settlement, and stores for the passing voyageurs were kept. During our half-hour's stop at Mackinac Island we enjoyed a short walk upon the docks, at the risk of a baptism from the dripping swabs of the vigorous seamen of the Northland; for, with the pride of a careful housewife, and the system of a fire-brigade, they scrubbed the white-painted sides of our boat until every trace of smoke was removed and the broad gold line stood out untarnished. Mackinac has formed the background for historic romance, the "House of

Anne," made famous by Constance Fenimore Woolson's novel of that name, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood's most charming story, "The White Islander," having their foundation in real events connected with the place. We were told of picturesque haunts whose beauty and interest weeks would not have sufficed to exhaust; of Arch Rock, whose opening against the sky we had seen from the boat; of the old Mission, where the memory of Marquette and Joliet is forever enshrined; and of the ancient fort, taken in the Conspiracy of Pontiac in 1765 and abandoned by the English for the present fort, the block-houses still standing as silent reminders of those troublous times. The legend of Wintemoyeh was repeated—an Indian girl who leaped from a rock two hundred feet high to escape from a hated lover. Chimney Rock, Pulpit Rock, Devil's Kitchen and many other natural objects were mentioned as being of unusual interest. Amid a cloud of smoke from the tugs and a snow-storm of fluttering handkerchiefs, we backed from the slip and, de-

them being connected by arched foot-bridges. Small boats formed a more romantic means of transit, and we acknowledged the fitness of Grace Denio Litchfield's choice in christening this region "Little Venice." Shrubbery and flowers and charming bits of landscape gardening made each island seem more beautiful than its predecessor. White-muslined girls and rollicking children saluted us from hammock and piazza. To the tourist who wishes to be removed not too far from "the madding crowd," the St. Clair Flats are unrivaled. For, if he desires quiet, he can draw bridge, chain boat, and "let the world go by." Or, if he feels the need of diversion, he can surely find it in some of the many club-houses or gay hotels that rise by the waterside.

As we left these scenes of recreative life, where the luxury of cities blends with the peace of wildernesses, we saw, far to the south, the blue expanse of Lake St. Clair. On our left, across the waving marshes, a white-sailed boat moved along a hidden channel that wound away

Grosse Isle must have been one of the islands of which Hennepin wrote, three hundred years ago, "They are the finest in the world." Amherstberg, with its historic cannon, rose on our left, with Fort Malden in the distance. This place has more than a passing interest, being the terminus of the "Underground Railroad" by which Harris and Eliza, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are supposed to have made their escape into Canada.

Leaving Detroit River, we entered Lake Erie, crossing the identical spot where, in 1815, the gallant Perry "met the enemy" and so gloriously captured "two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and a sloop." Soon we sighted the green shores of Put-in-Bay, famous for its vine-ages and its moist, equable climate. Kelly's Island, with its celebrated limestone rock, was on our right. Hotels and summer cottages dotted the islands of Lake Erie, and the "summer girl" hung, siren-like, under the shady elms. But we passed her by, and the islands sunk into the red glory of a stormy sunset. As we breasted



LAKE SUPERIOR APPROACH TO THE TWO GREAT SHIP CANALS CONSTRUCTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AT SAULT ST. MARIE, MICH.

scribing a mighty curve, swung out to the southeast, with the waters of the Strait rolling white-capped behind us. Night settled upon the waters, and only in our dreams did we hear again the sweep of the ripples on that vanished shore.

In a fog, next morning, we neared the twin ports, Huron and Sarnia. A tunnel beneath the St. Clair River unites the towns. Then for forty-eight miles our course led through a most charming water-way. The shores were dotted with quaint villages and solitary farmsteads, where cattle stood leg-deep in the cool stream. Country church-spires rose behind embowering trees, and houses, century-old, hid their decay beneath sheltering vines. Everything bore the impress of an age gone by. We were living again in Colonial times, and this deserted land became peopled anew with red-coated soldiers and French adventurers. For miles the river was bordered by marshy islands, part natural and part formed by the art of man most of

in mystery to the far Canadian hills. In and out it glided behind the green foliage of ancient willows, its hull hidden by the high rushes, and appearing as if it were floating like a ship of air upon the billowy meadows that lay between us and the Chanaile Ecarte. It was a company of holiday-makers whose love of novelty had tempted them to sail their yacht down the "Lost Channel," the wandering outlet of Lake St. Claire. Leaving the land of the "Lotus-Eaters" behind, a two hours' run across the lake brought us in sight of the "City of the Straits." At its upper limit is Peche Island, once the home of the warrior Tecumseh. Below this lies Belle Isle Park, joined to the city by a long, handsome bridge. Detroit's river-front is nine miles long and gives one strong evidence of her commercial importance. Below the city we saw that unique combination, a railroad ferry, where three lines of cars may be run, side by side upon tracks laid on barges, to the opposite shore without a transfer of freight.

the open lake, a ridge of dark clouds rose in the west, and a strong breeze sprang up behind us. By nine o'clock the storm was upon us in all its grandeur. Pitchy darkness was around and over us, and the rain was falling in torrents. Every now and then a vivid seam in the wall of the firmament seemed to open with a terrific crash. On plunged the North Land without noticeable effort, while her passengers watched, from sheltered nooks, one of the grandest displays of which nature is capable. Hitherto, most of us had viewed a storm piecemeal, hidden by forests and subdued by hills or cities; but here we saw it in unobstructed entirety, its sublimity augmented a thousand-fold by the magnitude of its setting. Two moving lights showed from the masts of a plunging freighter, and three steadier ones blazed from the light-houses at Huron, Vermilion, and Lorain. Twenty miles more and we viewed the myriad lines of stars that hung over a great city, for our boat was rounding the pier of the Cleveland

breakwater. The harbor was still a picture of busy life, although it was half-past ten o'clock; and from our stateroom windows we watched the crowd upon the pier and upon the waiting boats. Lights were moving in all directions, and the reflection in the still water doubled the brilliancy of the scene. With a drowsy sense of having seen a dream-city, we soon exchanged the impression for the reality and did not waken until our boat was opposite Erie. We breakfasted leisurely and took a stroll around the deck, watching furtively the flirtations of two pretty girls and a young Englishman who came on at Mackinac. He would have been perfectly helpless with but one such pair of languishing eyes beside him—but with two he was raving distracted! This morning, too, we knew would be our last opportunity to enjoy the rapturous smiles of that pair of wedded lovers who came on board at Detroit, their trunks decorated with white ribbons and placarded, "We Are Very Happy!"

Our watches pointed to 11 A. M. as we signaled

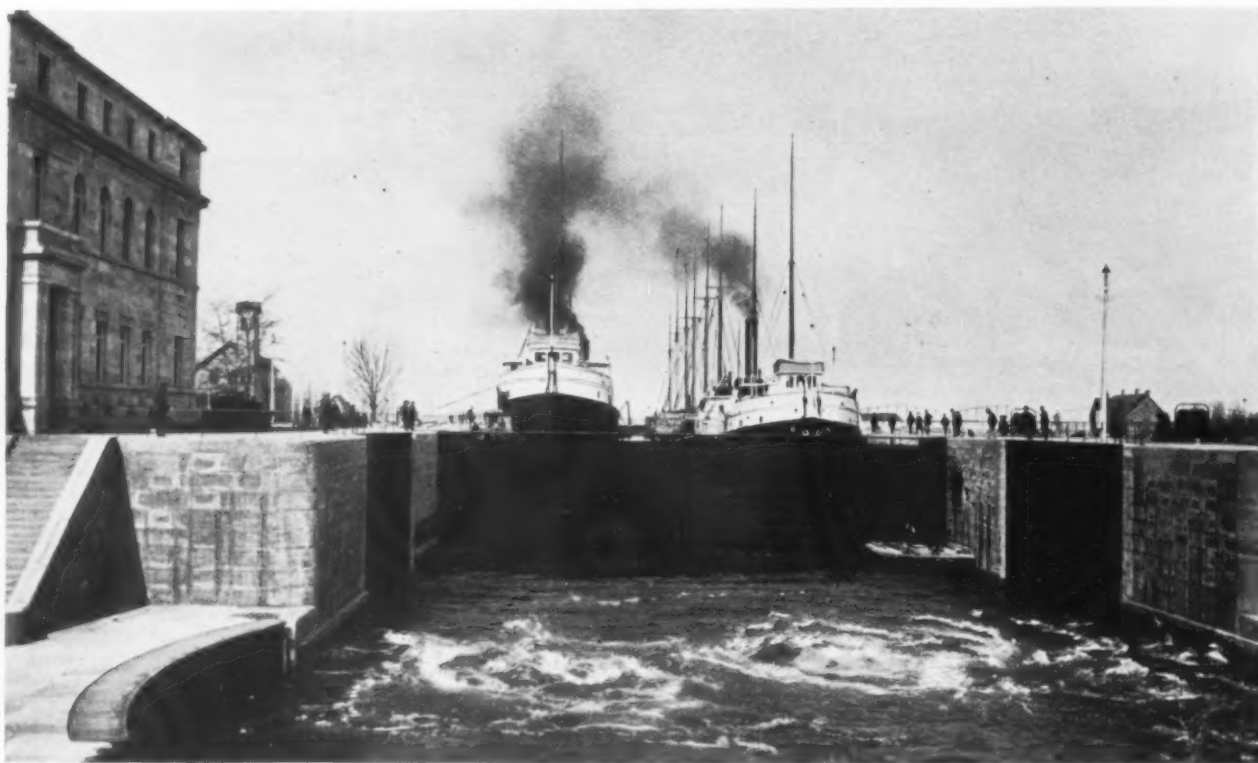
steamer. The scene of the previous evening was repeated, with additional bustle and energy. Carriages waited on every hand; hacks hurried down; luggage was shot down the plank to the baggage-room. Purser and clerk stood waiting, giving smiling direction to anxious passengers. Visitors thronged the passage until warned by the cry, "All off!" Even then, as the North Land was drawing off the dock, up galloped a belated hackman—the plank was once more thrust ashore, the passenger shoved on board and a couple of trunks shot down the plank, just missing a fall into the water. Truly, "Time and tide wait for no one," for the boat was off, the band played "Honeymoon," and the electric tower threw down upon us a parting benison.

Morning smiled over the shores of Erie as we returned to the Forest City. We had come more than twelve hundred miles by water, over a route unrivaled in this country or in any other for variety and picturesqueness of scenery. We had traversed the lengths of four great lakes

through coils of radiators, heating the whole building. The water is said to have a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and a company has been formed for piping the streets and supplying the hot water for heating purposes. It is claimed that a saving of fifty per cent can be effected over the ordinary method of heating. There is a large area of ground near the city where the hot water spouts above the surface when tapped, and a number of well-drillers are at work endeavoring to enlarge the area.—*Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain.*

A NOVEL SCHEME.

C. J. Jones, known familiarly as "Buffalo Jones," by reason of his having bought the late Colonel Bedson's large herd of Buffaloes a few years ago, has been in Winnipeg recently on an interesting and novel mission. He is going into the Far Northwest for the purpose of procuring valuable fur-bearing animals, and wild animals whose meat is used for food, which he will plac



LOWER GATES OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOCK AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

for a tug and entered the harbor at Buffalo, but the city clocks informed us that we must now regulate our movements by Eastern time. A general impression of Buffalo may be had from the tower of her highest sky-scraper, where one may get a good idea of the harbor, shipping, docks, breakwater, elevators, and loading apparatus. Here we saw the final act of the play of inland commerce whose curtain rose at the head of Lake Superior. Here waited our iron and grain and lumber boats, eager to be unloaded and away again to the Northwest, laden with coal or miscellaneous freight. Buffalo is a paradise for wheelmen. A tour of the city in any direction serves to show that it has provided for the social, the religious, and the educational sides of life, as well as for the commercial. Below us the leafy avenues spread a rich mosaic of handsome buildings, parks and gardens; while Niagara, bearing the burden of the Great Lakes, hurried to cast it down. A trip to the Falls by electric road closed the afternoon pleasantly, and we sought our return

and three historic rivers, and it was with real regret that we left the beautiful ship that had made our journey so enjoyable. We took a farewell glance down the luxurious gallery saloon, and our face in the stairway mirror, as we passed, wore an expression in which mingled pleasure at sight of friends too long unseen, and regret that our course must be no longer "bound down."

ELSIE JANET FRENCH.

NATURAL HOT WATER.

Dr. E. H. Marshall, of Boise, Idaho, says that in the vicinity of Boise there is a store of subterranean hot water which is being used to heat that city, and with excellent results. The water was discovered about six years ago. When first tapped it gushed to a height of forty feet and almost scalded to death the workmen, who were boring an artesian well. The water was found at a depth of about 400 feet, and has natural pressure enough to raise it to the top floors of ordinary buildings, whence it will flow down

on islands in the Pacific, off the Alaskan coast, in order to propagate them for mercantile purposes. The undertaking is backed by a strong company of United States capitalists. He intends to secure, if possible, a herd of musk-ox, a collection of silver, grey, and black foxes and silver fisher, reindeer, moose, caribou, etc.

He will establish collecting depots in the north and make shipments periodically to the island on which the ranch will be located. Mr. Jones intends to explore for a wagon-road to the Yukon, from the east side of the mountains, while in the north. At Edmonton, B. C., he will complete his outfit and start for the barren lands. He does not intend to return until next year. He has had much experience in hunting and capturing wild animals, and has every hope that his expedition will be attended with success.

The buffalo that Mr. Jones bought from Colonel Bedson are now scattered in all parts of the world. Some are in the United States, some in England, and some in the Russian Imperial Park.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert.*

SOLDIER LUCK.

By Robertson Howard, Jr.

It was just six months after the holding up of the O. & T. west-bound express that the order came to old K troop, Sixteenth U. S. Cavalry, Captain John Halifax Harper commanding, to change stations.

"Fort —, Idaho," read the detail.

As the men packed their kits they talked incessantly.

"Thought we might get a change soon," said one man.

"Glad it ain't Grant or Verde," said another.

The packing was finished long before it was time to depart for the new station. The men grew impatient. The first sergeant grew nervous. I hunted up old Bragg, the post quartermaster sergeant. He had served three years at —, our new station, and I wished to know something about the place we were going to. We were stationed in Southwestern Texas.

"Why, God bless you!" cried old Bragg, slapping me on the back, "it's the most God-forsaken hole in the whole Southwest. Why, man, you'll all die in less than a month up there!"

This was anything but encouraging. But I had lived so long upon those level deserts, that any change was welcome.

On the way back to the barracks I passed Second Lieutenant Foster, a bright, handsome young fellow, well liked by the men. He was whistling a few notes of "A Soldier's Luck." Poor fellow! It had been many a long day since he had heard the sweet notes of that old song sung by some pretty girl.

You who do not know the soldier will not think of him as I do. You will think him a paid and a trained butcher; and, if you have your mind made up, nothing I can say will disabuse you of the idea. But he can love and hate, he can hope and live, and he can die, too, just like other men. In some things he is different from other men. I think it is that he hates less and loves more. If you wish to find out anything about the army ask someone who has lived in it a few years, and see what he will tell you. Of course, if he has spent most of his time in the guard-house his story will not exactly tally with that of the man who has won his chevrons and hopes some day to get his commission.

When the word "march" rang out clear and sharp we were happy, for we knew that there were to be no more will-o'-the-wisp chases for old K troop.

Our commander turned that trip into a practice march. We skirmished and we attacked and we retreated. We had night marches and forced marches. We counted our wounded by dozens and rescued them bravely in the face of the enemy. And we had one scout to the left—but only one.

There were twelve of us concerned in that scout. Lieutenant Foster was in command. The captain sat straight in the saddle and looked fine as he gave the orders.

"Scout ten miles to the left," were his orders, "and rejoin me in camp at the base of Black Bear Mountain. If you find an enemy of any consequence, turn back, find me and report. That is all, sir."

We scouted leisurely all day, stopping now

and then to look for a stone in the hoof of a mount. We carried plenty of forage and rations, but little ammunition; and, as one could never be sure about Indians, we did not dare wander too far from the main command. And now, as dusk was coming on, we headed for the camp at the base of Black Bear Mountain.

About half-way back the lieutenant's horse slipped and twisted his leg in such a manner that he had to be led the rest of the way to camp. By the time we reached the little foothills it had grown quite dark. The dwarfed and crooked trees that crowned them, and the cactus and huge boulders that dotted their sides, looked forboding in the blackness of the night. As we drew nearer and nearer we instinctively spread out and our pace grew slower. Finally the lieutenant ordered a halt, and then came over to my side.

"What is it, corporal?" he asked.

He was staring straight into the hills.

"What is what, sir?" I said.

"That," said he, pointing, but never once taking his eyes from the hills.

And as I looked in the direction he was pointing I saw something shining in the darkness. It came from between the trees and the cactus, and over the boulders. It was green, like an emerald, and then yellow, like a topaz. There were more of them to the left and right.

"What are they, corporal?" again asked the lieutenant, and I thought his voice sounded hollow.

"My God, sir!" I said, "they're they're—"

There was a loud crash. Bang! and in the flame that leaped towards us I saw bounding, naked, hideous forms. Horses reared and plunged. Riders swore and gasped, and one fell to the ground in a heap, and did not move. But above all the confusion I heard the lieutenant's clear young voice ring out the command:

"Answer that fire, men!"

We did answer it, and in a moment the forms were disappearing among the trees and cactus and boulders.

Retreating to a knoll which we had just passed, we piled up a ring of boulders breast-high and prepared to stand off our enemy until help could arrive. The firing must have been heard at the camp, we felt sure; and we knew that if it had, old K troop would soon come thundering to our rescue.

During an interval in the firing we could hear a noise out on the plain we had just quit, as though some one were calling to us. The lieutenant looked me hard in the eye.

"Oh, it's nothing," I said. But I couldn't look him in the eyes.

"Yes, it is," he said. "It's one of our men out there, and I'm going to bring him in."

"It's sure death," said I.

"Never mind that," said he. "You'll command while I'm away. Don't let the men waste their cartridges. Cover me while you can, and if I succeed in getting the man and they try to head me off, give 'em hell red-hot!"

I could answer nothing, but I followed him to the last stone of the little fort.

"Now go back, corporal," he said.

"I'll not, sir," I replied. "It'll take two to bring in the man."

"Well, then, come on," he answered, and we dashed forward.

We did not get far, however, for from every tree and cactus-brush and boulder there came a flash of fire. The bullets that went over our heads had the long-drawn hum of the base string of a guitar. Bink! bink! bink! came from those that hit the big stones in our rear. But those that kicked up little spurts of sand, and the one that went through my right shoulder, made no noise. It came with a sick dizziness that caused me to fall to the ground and lose all consciousness.

I do not know how long I remained unconscious, but it only seemed a minute before I was waking back to life. I seemed to be waking from an ordinary night's rest. But suddenly I heard a great cheer out on my front, and from somewhere in my rear came a feeble one in reply. Then followed a thunder of hoofs, that made the ground tremble, and cries and bugle-calls and shots, all in mingled confusion. I was not yet myself fully enough to know what it all meant. But I was peevish and wanted to go to sleep again. I had a feeling that if I woke up something unpleasant would happen. But who could sleep with that little imp blowing "assembly" over and over again?

So I opened my eyes, and right beside me lay the lieutenant—a big hole bored in his forehead. He lay on his back, with his face upturned, and the hollows of his eyes were filled with clotted blood. I looked away, and, as I did so, old K troop was just dismounting before our little fort of boulders.

Men were shaking hands and old comrades were fairly weeping in each others' arms.

The foothills looked deserted and lonesome. Far off in the distance stood a melancholy butte. The old troop horses had their heads down and were munching at the grass that grew upon the little knoll. But close by lay a mass of flesh and blood and blue cloth that was terrible to look upon. It was the man we had gone out to bring in.

I jerked myself into a sitting posture and gave a piteous cry. The pain that shot through me I can never forget or describe. Then I fainted.

We had been at our new station days before I knew anything. Then the doctor told me that I had been dropped by a bullet in the shoulder, and afterwards hit on the head with a club.

So far as I am concerned, this is the end of my story. But that fatal scout had not been made in vain. It took the Indians by surprise and prevented one of the biggest outbreaks ever planned by the American red men.

Our gallant young lieutenant was also brought to the new station, where he was buried by K troop in the little post cemetery. Whenever I think of him as I saw him last, with white face and sightless, blood-covered eyes, I always remember the gentle spirit that caused him to whistle those notes of the sweet old tune.

Three weeks later a big official-looking envelope was handed the first sergeant of K troop.

It was his promotion to the vacancy caused by the death of Second Lieutenant Foster.

After all, it was only soldier luck.

*The "assembly," repeated over and over again, is the "charge."

CANADIAN WASPS.—The *Western Prairie*, published at Cypress River, Manitoba, says that wasps are seldom met with in that Province, but that a few are sometimes found in wooded districts. In Ontario, Canada, wasps' nests are frequently found suspended from the branches of trees. In Manitoba the nests are generally placed near the ground, where they will be covered by snow. This is no doubt for the sake of warmth.



THE STORY OF A TRADE-MARK.

By Olin D. Wheeler.

One of the strange things in life—one of its surprises cropping up here and there at unlooked-for moments and where least expected, is to find that some design, idea or principle newly adopted or promulgated and supposed to be more or less original, is but the readaptation, rediscovery, or, so to speak, the reincarnation of something used centuries before. We are, perhaps, more accustomed to find these old ideas turning up anew like bad pennies, in matters of philosophy, religion, science and art. We hardly look for them to show themselves in ordinary commercial and trade circles. That, for example, the hurly-burly and rush of a great transportation business at the dawn of the twentieth century should find itself closely linked by a mystic emblem, religio-philosophic in its nature, to a time that antedates the birth of the Christ-child in the manger at Bethlehem by thirty centuries, and to a race popularly classed as heathen, strikes one as being one of those cases where truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Yet, true it is, and along this line lies my tale. The first scene of the story is laid in the World's Fair year, and in the White City on the shores of Lake Michigan.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was in search of a trade-mark. Many designs had been considered and rejected. Mr. E. H. McHenry, the chief engineer of the company, while at the World's Fair was struck with a geometric design that appeared on the Korean flag. It was simple, yet effective—plain, yet striking. At once the idea came to him that it was just the symbol for the long-sought-for trade-mark. With but slight modification it became readily adapted to the purpose. After Mr. McHenry returned to St. Paul, Mr. Charles S. Fee, the general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, sent to him several designs bearing on the trade-mark idea, for elaboration in his drafting room. Mr. McHenry added to them the Korean figure. Mr. Fee was at once impressed with it, added the words "Yellowstone Park Line," and sent it forth into the world emblazoned upon the company's folders. The symbol impressed every one favorably and attracted universal attention.

Upon the organization of the Northern Pacific Railway,—the old company having previously been under a receivership,—the design was formally adopted as a trade-mark. Mr. Edward D. Adams, chairman of the Board of Directors, copyrighted it, adopted it for the corporate seal of the new company and had it engraved upon the company's securities. The design, as adopted, is shown in the third column on this page.

At first sight the figure appears to be rather an involved one. An analysis of it soon corrects this impression. It is really quite simple. On any given diameter of a circle inscribe, on opposite sides of this diameter, alternate semi-circles having diameters of one-half the larger diameter or the radius of the large circle, and the symbol is formed.

Mr. McHenry naturally supposed that the

symbol bore an Oriental significance, and then began a quiet search to ascertain what it was. As it happens, one may examine a good many volumes of Oriental lore and discover no reference whatever to this symbol or to anything like it, and these researches were rewarded with but little success. In the meantime the design had been imprinted upon the documents, stationery and advertising of the company; and from the windows of its ticket offices in all the large cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the unique symbol attracted the attention of the passer-by.

The scene now changes. From the inland sea, the stormy Lake Michigan, we leap at a bound over 2,000 miles of prairie and mountain to "where rolls the Oregon" as it flows to the heaving ocean, the mighty Pacific. In the old and wealthy city of Portland, overlooked by the grand old glacial peaks, Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens, a gentleman is quietly walking along the street. At the corner of two prominent business thoroughfares he suddenly stops, turns, and gazes with intense interest at a large window.

Who is he, and what does it mean?

Years ago the Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D., was a Presbyterian missionary in China. After twelve years' service in that country, during which he familiarized himself with Chinese history, symbols, philosophy, etc., he returned to his native land. He assumed charge of a Presbyterian Chinese Mission in Portland. He it was, who, walking past the office of A. D. Charlton, A. G. P. A. of the Northern Pacific, beheld, staring at him, that large trade-mark, the Chinese Monad with the peculiar red and black symbolic design in the center. What does it mean, thought he, that a great transcontinental railway company in the United States should have as its sign manual, so to speak, an emblematic device so fraught with meaning to 400,000,000 Chinese 5,000 miles across the ocean? Was there "method in this madness," or was it purely accidental?

After a brief inspection he entered the office and inquired of Mr. Charlton if he knew the significance of the design, and received a negative reply. This interview resulted in a promise by Mr. Holt—who, of course, was already quite familiar with the figure and acquainted Mr. Charlton with its meaning—to thoroughly investigate the origin, age, peculiar meaning and general history of the character and report it to the company.

In an interesting article published at that time in the Portland *Morning Oregonian*, based upon information given by Mr. Holt, the latter says:

"I knew the sign was of Chinese origin as soon as I saw it, and was prompted to inquire about it, as I am interested in the study of that people. While at Hang Chow, which is located at the southern terminus of the Grand Canal, I found the diagrams usually accompanying this symbol engraved on eight large stones, within the city limits. The stones indicated

great age, and from their position on the eminence were very impressive to a reflecting mind. It is possible that for ages upon ages they have occupied that place and been a superstitious guard against evil spirits for the inhabitants of the city."

The original idea embodied in the symbol seems to have been that of creation, or the sexual principle. As will be noted above and, hereafter, more fully, it had long since passed into practical use as a charm or talisman as well.

In formulating a statement as to the origin of this idea, Mr. Holt quotes from Choo Foo Tsz—a noted interpreter of, and commentator upon, the Confucian classics in the twelfth century A. D.,—as follows:

"The Great Extreme is merely the immaterial principle; it is found in the male and female principles in nature, in the five elements, and in all things. From the time the Great Extreme came into operation, all things were produced by transformation. The Great Extreme has neither residence, form nor place which you can assign to it. If you speak of it before its development, then, previous to that emanation it was perfect stillness. Motion and rest, with the male and female principle of nature (Force and Matter), are only the descent and embodiment of this principle. It is the immaterial principle of the two Powers, the four Forms, and the eight Changes of nature. We cannot say that it does not exist, and yet no form of corporeity can be ascribed to it. It produced one male and one female principle of nature, which are called the Dual Powers."

He then adds:

"This emblem, enclosed in the Eight Diagrams, is often seen in China suspended over the doors of residences, where it serves as a charm. I hope that, used at the top of your folders, it may serve to charm the traveling public to your road as I know the service will do, once a passenger is seated in one of your splendid trains."

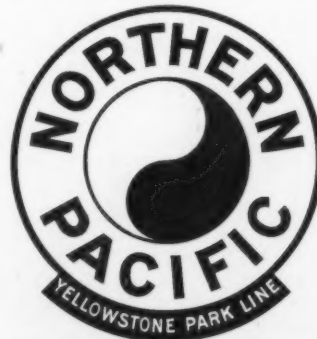
In prosecuting his inquiries regarding the trade-mark, Mr. Holt corresponded with friends—some of them learned Sinologues—in Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, Hangchow, Peking, Yokohama, etc. To each he sent a list of stated questions and a copy of the trade-mark, taken from the company's advertising matter. The list of questions and the information elicited is given herewith:

1. What is the name of the enclosed figure?
2. Is this form correct as used by the Chinese?
3. What is its date?
4. What is its relation to the Dual Powers as used in China?
5. What is the present use of the figure?

Mr. Holt then writes:

"The replies show conclusively the following:

1. The figure is commonly known as The Diagram of the Great Extreme.
2. The form of the figure as used by your company is true to the Chinese representation, except that ordinarily there is an 'eye' in each half of the figure in its widest part. The colors are not



A GREAT RAILWAY'S TRADE-MARK.

important. The Chinese use red and black, and white and black, and sometimes red and green. 3. The date of the diagram is placed in the Eleventh Century A. D., although the ideas for which it stands were held more than 3,000 years B. C. It is said that the diagram was invented to illustrate the philosophy of Fuh Hi. It is attributed to Chow Lien Chi, who treats of the diagram at length in a book entitled 'Discourse on the Diagram of the Great Extreme.' 4. The diagram stands for the Dual Powers as conceived by the Chinese. 5. The modern use of the diagram is to ward off evil influences. To accomplish the desired purpose it is painted on a board, surrounded with the 'Eight Diagrams,' as in the sample handed Mr. Fee."

Chow Lien Chi was born A. D. 1017. As a young man he spent much time in fishing and roaming over the hills. In one of these hills was a vast cave with a double crescent-shaped entrance on each side, eastward and westward, but round as the full moon inside. Tradition says that here was suggested to him the form of the diagram. He bases his treatise on the diagram on the teachings of "The Classic of Change," the Ye King. His burial place is near Kiukiang and is well known. His tablet hangs in the Temple to Confucius. (Taken from a book on The Confucian Temple by T. Watters, Esq., H. B. M.'s Consul.)

The Chinese diagram to which Mr. Holt refers, which is so extensively used to ward off evil influences, is reproduced on this page.

The name of the two principles represented is Yin and Yang, Yin being the female and Yang the male principle. This is the foundation of Chinese cosmogony, and constitutes the basis of their philosophical reasoning. The Chinese say: "The Illimitable produced the Great Extreme; the Great Extreme produced the Two Principles; the Two Principles produced the Four Figures;" and from the Four Figures were developed what the Chinese call the Eight Diagrams of Fuh-Hi, 3,000 years ago. The figure used by the Northern Pacific is common throughout the empire, and one comes across it everywhere.

The Great Monad, according to the Rev. Hampden C. DuBose, D. D., is divided into the dark and light, with a white eye in the dark, and a black eye in the light. These white and black spots show that there is a male germ in the female, and a female germ in the male principle.

The Yin and Yang in the figure here shown are black and red; the field surrounding them is green, and the eight diagrams are raised characters gilded.

The eyes, which are omitted from the transplanted device, will be noted in the Yang and Yin of the original. The Chinese characters or eight diagrams surrounding the Yang and Yin will also be observed. This figure or diagram was obtained by Mr. Fee from a Chinese store in Portland, Ore. As explanatory of the Two Principles and their combinations, Mr. Holt states as follows:

"The Two Principles, which the Chinese say were produced by the Great Extreme, are represented thus: — — — — —"

"These Two Principles produced the Four Figures by placing the Two Principles over themselves and then over each other, thus: — — — — —"

"The evolution of the Eight Diagrams which surround the trade-mark in the block given Mr. Fee, is attributed to Fuh Hi, B. C. 3,322. In this the chronology of Doctor Legge, the best-known English Sinologue, and for some time professor of Chinese at Oxford, England, is followed. These Eight Diagrams are formed

by placing each of the Four Figures under each of the Two Principles in succession, thus:



"Then these Eight Diagrams are not less than 5,200 years old. But as they came from the Four Figures, and these from the Two Principles, of which your trade-mark is a representation as the male and female principles of the universe, the trade-mark must be much older. Now as to the meaning of the Eight Diagrams:

"1. They are known as the 'Pah Kwa of Fuh Hi.' 2. Each trigram in the Eight Diagrams has both a name and a point of the compass assigned to it, as follows:

"1. Heaven, the sky; south. 2. Water collected as in a lake; southeast. 3. Fire as lightning, the sun; east. 4. Thunder; northeast. 5. The wind, wood; southwest. 6. Water as rain, clouds, the moon; west. 7. Hills or mountains; northwest. 8. The earth; north.

"These diagrams are much used by fortune-



THE GREAT CHINESE MONAD.

tellers and necromancers among the Chinese."

The symbol obtained from the Chinese store in Portland is circular and measures five and one-eighth inches in diameter, the Yin and Yang in the center measuring two and one-eighth inches across. The design "is most commonly seen, though, on a board six to eighteen or twenty inches square, or one foot wide by two feet long, having the Eight Diagrams painted around it, so as to leave the Great Extreme in the center, which is used as a charm to ward off evil spirits. In this country these charms can be found in great numbers in some of the mercantile houses on Second Street, in Portland, and in similar establishments in San Francisco. The small ones can be carried around, while the larger ones are placed over doors and at other conspicuous places as a guard against evil spirits."

The various statements found in the books, regarding The Diagram of the Great Extreme, are all interesting, although no two seem to state the case alike. A Chinese historical compend says that Pan Ku at first came forth. He recorded that the Great Extreme produced the Two Principles (they are the principles of the male and female elements in nature, and sometimes called the Dual Powers. They are shown by the red and black figures in the trade-mark). The Two Principles produced the

Four Figures, and from these Four Figures come the Diagrams which surround the trade-mark in the sample which came from the Chinese shop.

In a rather hurried search for additional information on this subject, in the St. Paul Public Library and in that of the Minnesota Historical Society, I found no reference whatever to this subject in many books of travel in China or in many volumes of Oriental history. In the former library I found the recent book, "A Cycle of Cathay," by Doctor W. A. P. Martin, president emeritus of Tung Wan College, Pekin, and published in 1896. Dr. Martin used as a frontispiece, and also placed on the front cover, a large reproduction in colors of this figure, which shows still another use made of it by the Chinese. Under the frontispiece Doctor Martin gives the following explanation:

"The Chinese cycle consists of sixty years, each with a separate name. The names are here ranged in the outer circle, and read from the top toward the left hand. The present year, 1896, is the thirty-second year of the seventy-sixth cycle. + + + The figures in the inner space are the dual forces, Yin and Yang, symbolized by darkness and light, which form the starting point of Chinese philosophy."

It will be noted that in this, instead of the dual forces Yang and Yin being surrounded by the Eight Diagrams, the latter are superseded by the names of the cycles, in Chinese characters, of course.

At the Historical Society I found,—after a fruitless search and quite by accident,—among a job lot of books recently purchased and not yet catalogued, "No 81" of "The Family Library," being volume two of a "History of China." This little book was written by John Francis Davis, F. R. S., and was published in 1842 by Harper & Brothers. Almost the first thing I found, upon opening its pages, was a small outline diagram of the Dual Forces, together with a scholarly discussion of it. Upon consulting the Encyclopedia Britannica, I found this article quoted from. I give a considerable part of it, as being, perhaps, as thorough a description and statement of the idea as is easily obtainable. The "Five Canonical Works of Confucius," called King, are being taken up in order by the author and commented upon. The "Shy-king,"

"Shoo-king," "Ly-king" and "Chun-tsieu" have been discussed and he comes to the "Ye-king:"

"The last that we have to notice of the canonical works is the Ye-King, which is a mystical exposition of what some consider a very ancient theory of creation and of the changes that are perpetually occurring in nature, whence the name of the work. The system may doubtless be extremely ancient in its origin, but little can be gathered from the Ye-king, the most oracular of performances; and this philosophy has been greatly added to in later times by the commentator Choo-tsze, and others who flourished in the eleventh century of our era, when the learned dynasty of Soong governed China. The arithmetic diagrams of Fo-hy, as we find them in the Ye-king, bear some resemblance to the mystical numbers of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who, although he enlarged the bounds of science, appears to have allowed his speculations to be perverted by dreams of mysterious virtue in certain numbers and combinations. In the same way the Chinese make use in divination, and various other branches of their mock philosophy, of the Pa-Kua, or eight diagrams of Fo-hy, which, if they mean anything, may be supposed to represent a system of binary arithmetic. Chinese philosophers speak of the origin of all created things, or the Premier Principe Materiel

—as it has been called in French translations—under the name of *Tae-keih*. This is represented in their books by a figure, which is thus formed: $x \times x \times x$. The whole figure represents the *Tae-keih*, and the two divided portions, formed by the curved line, typify what are called the Yang and Yin; in respect to which this Chinese mystery bears a singular parallel to that extraordinary fiction of Egyptian mythology—the supposed intervention of a masculine-feminine principle in the development of the Mundane egg. The *Tae-keih* is said to have produced the Yang and Yin, the active and passive, or male and female principle, and these last to have produced all things. The heaven they call Yang, the earth Yin; the sun is Yang, the moon Yin, and in the same manner the supposed analogy is carried throughout all nature. One might sometimes be led by their definitions of *Tae-keih* to suppose it an intelligent being; but the general drift of the system is plainly material, as it does not discriminate between the creature and the creator. This dogma of materialism, however ancient it may be in its first origin, became especially cultivated, or, according to some, originated in China during the Soong dynasty, which preceded the Mongol Tartar conquest. The learning and science of the Chinese, such as it was, being then much in vogue, some celebrated commentators on the ancient books appeared about that time, the most famous of whom was the Choo-tse before named. At length, under Yoong-lo of the Ming dynasty, and in the fourteenth century, a joint work was composed, by name 'Sing-ly-ta-tseuen,' or a complete exposition of nature, in which the mystery of the *Tae-keih* was fully treated of. Choo-tse thus expressed himself: "The celestial principle was male, the terrestrial, female; all animate and inanimate nature may be distinguished into masculine and feminine. Even vegetable productions are male and female, as, for instance, there is female hemp, and male and female bamboo. Nothing exists independent of the Yin and Yang." Although the Chinese do not characterize the sexes of plants, and arrange them systematically as we do after Linnaeus, they use the above phraseology in regard to them; nor do they confine it to the vegetable and animal creation only, but extend the same to every part of nature. Numbers themselves have their genders. A unit and every odd number are male; two, and every even number, female.

"The above might, with no great impropriety, be styled 'a sexual system of the universe.' They maintain that when from the union of the Yang and Yin all existences, both animate and inanimate, had been produced, the sexual principle was conveyed to, and became inherent in, all of them. Thus heaven, the sun, day, etc., are considered of the male gender; earth, the moon, night, etc., of the female gender. This notion pervades every department of knowledge in China. It exists in their theories of anatomy and medicine, and is constantly referred to on every subject. The combinations of double and single lines, contained in the *Ye-king*, and denominated *Kua*, may be seen depicted on the circles of the Chinese mariner's compass. Of these Doctor Morrison observed that they 'are called the signs, forms, or species of all things in nature, and seem somewhat like the intelligible numbers' of Pythagoras, as the monad, duad, and so forth, of which nothing either certain or important is now known. Some have spoken of these numbers as "the archetype of the world;" others, in language much more like that of the Chinese, call them 'the symbolical representation of the first principles and forms in nature.' But what is meant in either case is not easy to

determine. Whatever use Pythagoras made of his intelligible numbers, the only intelligible use that is made of them in China is for the purposes of imposture, in fortune-telling or divination."

In the beginning of this article it was stated that the idea of this trade-mark came from the diagram upon the Korean flag. The query suggests itself—How did Korea obtain it? The idea of the symbol was borrowed by the Koreans from the Chinese. The Koreans call it the *Tah-gook*, and it is their national emblem.

The name Korea means "chosen," the land of the morning calm. The two principles of nature—the Yang and Yin of the Chinese—in the *Tah-gook* are represented by red and blue. Red is the Royal color; blue is the color of the East, the morning. The *Tah-gook*, therefore, to Koreans, means "the Kingdom of the Morning."

It would appear from Judge Denny's letter, which follows, that this scheme of colors is not absolute.

The meaning of the *Tah-gook* seems identical with that of the Chinese symbol. Judge O. N. Denny, formerly U. S. Consul at Tientsin, China, later consul general at Shanghai and afterward adviser to the King of Korea, to which place he was recommended by Li Hung Chang, in answer to an inquiry upon this subject wrote in part to Mr. Charlton as follows:

"I have a record somewhere, which I have not been able to lay my hands upon. I remember having had a conversation with General Hahn, who carried His Majesty's messages to me, and mine in return, one day while in the palace. Seeing the figure upon one of the doors of the palace, I asked the general what was the full significance of it. He replied that in their mythology it represented the male and female principle, or creative principle; that is, the yellow represented the female, the red the male and the green the offspring or result, which, he explained, was the earth. This figure is found upon all the royal buildings and upon the doors of ancestral temples where the king and royal family and royal personages go to worship. There are three principles represented, or three ideas combined in the original symbol, but in the figure which you have sent me there are only two. The idea, as I understood from the general's explanation, being that the third figure, which is green, is the result of the other two, just the same as in electricity the negative and positive poles, when brought together, produce force, power and light. So you combine two of these principles, and the third one will represent the result. In the figure which you have adopted as the trade-mark of your company, only two of the principles alluded to are represented."

In the figure as used by the Northern Pacific, the colors of the Yang and Yin are red and black. Where used ordinarily, in newspapers, magazines, the cheaper stationery, etc., the center of the Northern Pacific trade-mark is in white and black. On the windows of the company's offices, its more important documents, stationery, and circulars, the adopted scheme of colors—red and black—is always used.

It would thus appear that one of the great transcontinental railway companies of the United States has, by the adoption of its unique trade-mark figure, linked closer together the old Chinese and Korean civilizations with the newer one of America; that the steel rails of the Northern Pacific, in connection with the steamships of its partner in commerce, the Northern Pacific Steamship Company, have established a new bond between the young Republic and the old Empire, the Occident and

the Orient. Is it possible that Li Hung Chang recognized this fact at the time of his visit to America, and was in consequence especially anxious to acquaint himself with the habits and aspects of that younger and newer civilization?

Where could a more appropriate emblem for a great transportation company be found than in this design? "Motion and Rest," "Force and Matter," of which the figure conceives, are most effectively exemplified and manifested in such a pursuit. It would almost seem that Chow Lien Chi, with the far-seeing vision of the Yang and Yin, looked forward to that time in the nineteenth century when the Northern Pacific Railway, in need of a device emblematic of its calling, would be drawn to "The Diagram of the Great Extreme" formulated by himself and which had been awaiting its coming five thousand years. The Northern Pacific Railway Company will be glad to receive suggestions, information, etc., from any one familiar with this subject. Archaeologists, ethnologists and others may be able to supply much valuable information, that would be thankfully received.

THE THOUGHT THAT HAD GONE ASTRAY.

"The world needs something more!" he cried,
As he burned with the sacred fire.
With wistful earnestness he had tried
And failed in his great desire.
The written words were cold and dead—
Unfraught with the power deep,
And he held his hand to his aching head,
And, wishing, dropped asleep.

What did he know of the angel bright
That hovered o'er his chair?
An angel clothed in raiment white,
Beautiful, spotless, fair.
What did he know of the gift she brought
In a sympathetic way,
And tendered to him? It was only a thought—
A thought that had gone astray.

He never knew or even guessed,
As he opened his tired eyes,
But he seized his pen with eager zest
And, lo! to his great surprise,
The living words came easy then,
With power and wisdom fraught
To move the inmost hearts of men,
For his was the captive thought.

And she smiled at his glee—the angel fair,
Ere she disappeared from view,
Winging her way through the upper air;
And he—he never knew
Or guessed of the truant she'd caught
And given to him that day
As a gift of love. 'Twas a captive thought,
A thought that had gone astray!

J. B. RICE.

Westlake, Id.

YOUR CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

Did you ever think, in the scuffle of life,
Of the flocks that you nurture and grow—
That you feed and pamper with infinite care,
Which will follow wherever you go?
And that these same flocks at night will come,
Like all good chickens, to roost at home?

You meet a man in a business deal,
And you cheat him, and trick him, and lie;
And you tickle yourself for your bold, shrewd game,
With a satisfied leer in your eye.
But, later on, when the years are done,
To roost at home will your chickens come.

You play at love, yet your heart is flint;
You flatter, and dupe, and fool;
And you win the innocent girl at last,
But, just remember the rule—
That every man's chickens, one by one,
Come home to roost when the day is done.

You may gain for the present your evil will,
Of your evil acts you may boast,
But the stars swing round to the evening time,
When your deeds, like a blackened host—
Like daws of the night, will, every one,
Come home to roost when your day is done.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

Dubuque, Ia.

DUTCH BELTED CATTLE.

Although some of the largest and finest herds of Jerseys, Holsteins, etc., are owned in the Northwest, where dairying is fast becoming an industry of the first importance, it is doubtful if any of the herds owned by the dairymen readers of this magazine include a representative of the Dutch "belted" breed of cattle. The accompanying illustrations are of the Dutch belted cattle belonging to the now famous herd owned by Orson D. Munn at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J. Mr. Munn is a member of the firm of Munn & Company, publishers of the *Scientific American*, and it is to him that THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is indebted for the use of these interesting cuts.

Notwithstanding the fact that he has the largest and best herd of these cattle in the United States, Mr. Munn is not a dealer; he raises and exhibits them only to gratify his fancy for the stock. The herd represented in cut No 1 has been exhibited at State fairs frequently and has taken prizes wherever entered. Their owner says that they do not excel other breeds in milk-giving or for beef-making qualities, but that he does claim for them exceeding gentleness and great beauty.



HERD OF DUTCH BELTED CATTLE OWNED BY ORSON D. MUNN.



DUTCH BELTED CATTLE—PART OF THE ORSON D. MUNN HERD.

The Dutch belted or blanket breed of cattle are natives of Holland and are a distinct family from the Holsteins, with which they are confounded by many persons. They have not been brought to this country in large numbers. They antedate the seventeenth century, when the cattle interests in Holland were in a most thrifty condition, and this type and color were established by scientific breeding. Motley, the historian, pronounced them "the most wonderful cattle in the world."

In their native country they are owned and controlled by the nobility, and they certainly present a very novel feature in the landscape. In color they are black, with a continuous white belt around their bodies, the white being pure white, the black jet, thus making a beautiful and imposing contrast. Their form is usually very fine, and their hardy and vigorous constitutions enable them to stand sudden changes in the climate and to thrive on any variety of fodder.

A FAMOUS RATTLESNAKE MOUND.—It is said that there is a place called "Rattlesnake Knoll" in Emmons County, in Southern North Dakota,

where thousands of snakes congregate every summer and dwell together in peace and harmony. The deadly rattler and the harmless garter snake twine themselves together in great masses and roll about like animated blades of grass. The Crookston (Minn.) *Times* says that the mound is honeycombed with thousands of holes, in and out of which reptiles may be seen crawling at all hours of the day, basking in the sunlight or seeking the seclusion of their underground retreats. This is the more singular from the fact that North Dakota, as a State, is little troubled by snakes of any description.

AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—The *Astorian*, of Astoria, Or., speaking of the fact that the woods there are now full of salmon berries, says that in early days it was a superstition among the Indians that if they sold a salmon to white men before these berries were ripe, salmon would quit coming into the river; so they always cut out the heart of the salmon and burned it.



YOKE OF DUTCH BELTED BULLS AND THEIR COMPANION A BELTED GOAT.

A TALE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By Newton Hibbs.

Meadow Creek never was a great mining-camp. There were four or five rich channel claims between the lake and the canyon, and comfortable fortunes were made by the owners in one season.

Missouri Bill located the upper claim on the creek, at the outlet of the lake, after the choice claims had been exhausted. He had but little ground, and that did not prospect well. Missouri Bill was an eccentric character. He was an educated man, and a chance acquaintance said that he possessed a good mind. A natural cast of countenance, however, gave every observer the impression that he was very stupid, if not very ignorant.

After all the more ambitious miners had abandoned Meadow Creek and returned—some of them to their families with fortunes that provided lifelong comforts, and others to their old haunts in the city, where they squandered all their money before the next prospecting season came around, Missouri Bill remained at Meadow Creek. His winter stove was freighted to his little log hut, on the shore of the lake, before the heavy snows came. The winters are long in that high region, and the snow falls so deep that every semblance of life is buried—even nature's sounds and the answering echoes.

Those who have experienced this deep solitude say that the effect upon man is to suspend his energies and make him assume some of the characteristics of an animal. This fact was said to account for the stupid appearance of Missouri Bill, he having lived so long in the mountains, in the silent tunnels under the snow, that he never became thoroughly aroused again.

West Fork, over the Divide ten miles away, became a lively camp five years after Meadow Creek was abandoned. Some rich quartz ledges were discovered there, and the demand for heavy machinery made it necessary to widen the old pack-trail that led through Meadow Creek, so that freight-wagons could pass over the steep and rocky mountainsides. New life came to the country surrounding the home of Missouri Bill, which had been so quiet for several years. The creaking wagons, drawn by big teams of lazy mules, and the lumbering stage, passed every day; and often the night air rang with the music of merry campers who rested in the grassy valley. They instinctively shunned the lonely miner by the lake shore, and passed him by with the common remark that he must have become very rich in all these years. The busy, muddy waters rolled through the sluices near the road. A great cut in the hillside revealed an old creek channel; and some gravel, that appeared to be very rich, was exposed. All the travelers made extravagant estimates of Missouri Bill's wealth.

One day, when the full glory of summer was upon the lovely mountain scene, the tinkling of bells and the bellowing of cattle aroused the solitary resident of Meadow Creek, and, looking out, he observed a covered wagon that was different from the "freights" and had the appearance of being the home of a family. The wagon rocked and creaked as the weary oxen trailed

it over the ridges of sand, thrown up by the miners, and swung into place in front of an abandoned cabin. In the work of arranging camp, two women were engaged. This was unusual, and the startled miner, as well as the few freighters who were lounging on the grass, watched every detail of camp life where women did the cooking. There were an elderly man and a woman, who settled down comfortably with their pipes while a sprightly girl did all the work, even to looking after the restless cattle as they wandered about. She was here and there, like a bright-plumaged bird flitting from shadow to sunshine.

One freighter, who was bold enough to approach the camp over which the women presided, was informed that they had crossed the plains from Arkansas. Their stock was tired and they had decided to rest in that little valley for several days, before going on to West Fork in search of employment.

Above the miner's cabin, and about the lake, the grass waved like a meadow ready for the mower. The stock of freighter or prospector had never been permitted to pass the cabin and sluices that blocked the narrow valley at the outlet of the lake. In the evening, when the sun was behind the forest line to the west, the cattle rushed by the cabin. The miner had returned to his work ten yards from the house. He advanced, as the cattle came in view, and tried to stampede them back; but the hungry beasts would not leave the little meadow. He waved his arms and raved like a madman, but

in vain; the gentle cattle refused to leave the rich, ripe grass.

"Please, sir," said a sweet voice, "may I herd my cattle by the lake? They cause me so much trouble! Ah, you are so kind!"

Missouri Bill looked at the speaker and bowed his acquiescence. Then he took his old slouched hat from a stump, meanwhile combing his unkempt hair and beard with his rough, cracked fingers. He stood there dumb, watching the girl as she urged the cattle forward to the broader meadow by the lake, and farther from the mine. She was a fair picture—bareheaded, with hair streaming down her back, and in short dress and with bare feet.

"We are traveling, sir," she said, as she gave a lazy ox a parting thwack with a heavy club, "and I have all the work to do. It is very hard. My uncle and aunt are so cross! Are you mining? Could you give me some gold?"

The abashed miner made no reply, but he took from the pocket of his ragged overalls a large, glittering nugget and placed it in the palm of the outstretched hand. The girl bounded away toward the camp of the strangers like a fawn at play in the twilight.

After darkness had settled over the mountains and the valleys, a timid knock was heard on the miner's cabin door. In all the years that he had dwelt in Meadow Creek, he had never had a visitor. Who could wish to see him at that dark hour of night? He slowly opened the door. There stood the visitor of an hour ago! As she extended her hand with the shining gold nugget, she sobbed, but said not a word till she turned to face the darkness again.

"Oh, these dark, silent mountains!" she exclaimed, as she dodged back in the doorway. "I am afraid to go home alone."

The miner, gallantly but without reply, stepped to her side and glanced pityingly at the trembling girl as she stood in the flickering light of the fire. They hurried over the uneven road without a word. The girl grasped the man's horny hand as if unconscious of the act, in her fright. They parted, mute as they had come, in the light of the tent that was her temporary home.



"He passed his arm around her waist and carried her."

"That artless child!" Missouri Bill said to himself, as he tossed on his hard bed that night. "She will be my undoing. I loved one fair woman, and she broke my heart. Within a week of our wedding she jilted me for fortune and social position. I could never recover from the shock; and I swore never to speak to another woman. This fair young girl—she could never do an intentional wrong; nevertheless, she has, all unconsciously, done me injury. I had peace, if not happiness, in the solitude of my home; but the old heartaches of the dead past have been resurrected, and I suffer again."

The worry of the night drove the miner to his work early in the morning. The visitor of the evening before, whose voice and form had haunted his troubled sleep, passed by when the sun sent his first shimmering spears across the rippled lake. The cattle had wandered into a cove of sheltering shrubs that fringed a cove by the rambling mountain stream, from which the ditch led to the mine. The girl sang a childish song as she passed the towering wall of rocks, and the sides of the canyon echoed back the strains.

An hour may have passed, when the busy man paused and then started. It was a cry, but it might not be her voice. He had heard her calling in the night, and he had started only to awaken from a dream. Was he dreaming again?

He walked along the ditch, in the direction whence came the strange cry, just as he walked every day, for it was a part of his routine of duties. As he passed a projecting spur of the mountain he distinctly heard a cry for help. He hurried to the little creek's bank, and there the girl was, crouched down and crying with pain. She had sprained her ankle. No longer dumb, the miner knelt by her side and begged to know how he could help her.

"Assist me to camp," she said. "Let me lean upon you; then, perhaps, I shall be able walk."

He was an efficient and willing support, but the injured ankle was completely disabled. The sufferer screamed at every step, and at every scream the strong man tried to assume more of the burden. After a few yards of progress he passed his arm around her waist and carried her—as if she were a lifeless treasure to be rescued. As his hut was approached, the wounded girl said:

"Put me down, please. Do not let my uncle see us, for he would kill me."

But when placed carefully upon her feet she was absolutely helpless. "Carry me into your cabin, please," she said, "until I grow stronger; then I can walk home unaided."

So the injured girl was helped into the dingy hut of the recluse. But Missouri Bill, who had been the dread of brave men, was the tenderest of nurses, and while the injured member was being bathed and chafed, the fair visitor confided to him a story of sorrow and suffering. She was ill-treated by her uncle and guardian, and, although she was seventeen years old, she was made to dress like a child of twelve and to drudge like a slave. She would escape from her master, if she only had some assistance.

Within an hour the sprained ankle had so far been restored to its normal condition of usefulness that the girl returned to camp with only a slight lameness. In that time, too, the miner had expressed the deepest sympathy for her and had promised to render her any assistance she might need in order to escape from further mistreatment at the hands of her persecutors.

The sentiment he experienced was stronger and more tender than that of mere sympathy. Hard work had for years been his solace for mental torture, but his latest disorder was attended with new symptoms, and he felt that these symptoms all pointed to reawakened love. Finding a pocket mirror and a rusty razor, he

at once began the task of removing his shaggy beard and to improve, in every way possible, his personal appearance. The transformation was a surprise to the man himself; but he realized that love had wrought it.

When evening came, the fair herder made her way slyly along the frowning wall of the narrow valley on the opposite side from the log hut and the mine. Only a few minutes had elapsed, however, when she returned and paused near the door from which the miner gazed in anxious expectancy. Confidence in the good effect of his improved appearance made him bold, and he went forward fully determined to confess his love and to offer her a happier life—a life blessed with wealth and comfort, and in which poverty and drudgery should be unknown.

"Will you protect me?" were the girl's first words. "My uncle has been in a terrible rage all day. He saw me come from your house, and he threatens to kill me if I am ever guilty of another indiscretion of a similar nature. I am now afraid to return to him."

"Protect you? Yes!" Missouri Bill said. "Will you flee with me and be my wife? Could you love me? You need never want for any thing that wealth can bring, if you will be mine."

"Yes, yes!" was the reply. "I will flee with you this very night."

Arrangements were completed to take passage on the stage which was due at three o'clock in the morning. They were to flee to a far-distant city and never return. Taking his hoard of gold and bidding adieu to his mine with its buried wealth, the miner met the girl in the stillness of the hour before dawn, and they were soon hurrying over the rough mountain road in the lumbering coach.

The uncle and the aunt disappeared from Meadow Creek very suddenly and very mysteriously, leaving wagon, team and camp outfit behind. In the light of after events, however, their sudden disappearance was not at all singular. It had got noised about that Missouri Bill was hoarding gold and that he had accumulated a pile of it, and this coming of the emigrants was part of a well-devised scheme to get his wealth at one fell swoop and at the least possible risk.

In about a month, Missouri Bill returned to his old log cabin in the shadows of the mountains. He was a picture of abject despair. Gold he had none—not so much as a "color." His whilom neighbors with their pretty niece had fleeced him to the very hide, and the innocent-looking girl was the chief conspirator. The sprained ankle and all the other acting were so many charming ruses that were calculated to win the old lover's affections and lead him to his doom. It was the girl who piloted him in safety to criminal haunts in one of the cities of the Coast. It was she who had then assisted in robbing him of his hard-earned riches, and who then turned him adrift, deserted and forever disheartened.

When, finally, it dawned upon the susceptible old miner that he had been deceived and outraged a second time, it almost broke his heart. But there was but one place in the world for him, and he returned to it. The cabin and the mine were still realities. He slept in the one and worked in the other; and those who saw him work say that he toiled like one possessed of the demon of unrest. He tunneled into the mountain until a thousand tons of rock hung over him. He tunneled early and late, and he tunneled deep, too. One day there was a cave-in, and Missouri Bill's lonely life was ended. But it was what he wanted. He had made his own sepulcher. His unhappy life went out where it had been lived—in the gloom of the mountains and in sight of the log cabin that would know its master no more.

A FATAL POISON STRIP.

When the large flocks of sheep are driven from their ranges south and west of Spokane, Wash., to their summer ranges in the mountains to the north and east, says the *Spokane Chronicle*, a section of country is crossed which is known as the "poison strip."

This is a strip of country about five miles wide, between Spokane and Pine City, on which grows some kind of a plant that is poisonous to sheep. "It is not generally known that such a strip exists," the *Chronicle* says, "but every sheepman that has run sheep in this part of the State is aware of it, knows its exact location, and makes preparations for crossing it in going north or south with his bands. The strip extends along the edge of the timber, beginning near the Idaho line and extending south almost to Rock Lake. Another similar strip extends out south of Cheney and west towards Spangle. Just what the plant is that kills the sheep is not known, but it is seldom that a band is driven across it without losing from five to fifty head. Several years ago, before the exact location of the strip was definitely known, a band of fifteen hundred sheep was driven leisurely across it, seven hundred of which died from the effects of the poison. Experience has taught sheepmen that the only way to cross in safety is to drive the sheep across on a run, so that they will not get an opportunity to graze on it. This method is the one now universally adopted."

DIE ERWARTUNG.

(From the German of Schiller.)

Is the gate not opening yonder—
Was not that the latch sound I heard?
Or was it only the rustling
Where the wind in the poplar stirred?

O deck thyself with grace, thou green-draped roof,
For loveliness make meet ere thou behold her;
With leaves and branches weave a dusky woof
Of night and shadow softly to enfold her!
Ye winds, hold all your ruder gales aloof;
Nor aught upon her cheeks' fair roses bolder
Than gentlest zephyrs press, when light her feet
Bring swiftly here to me the burthen sweet.

Look, where the hedge-leaves parted!
Hither a little form hies—
Nay, 'tis a bird, that, startled,
Forth from her low nest flies.

O quench thy flaming torch, bright day, and come
Thou still and dreamful night, in silence hazing
About us here thy purple, mantling bloom!
Spread o'er us shadows deep, thy wings upraising;
For listeners, love's bower hath never room—
Love's rapture flees before the sun's rude gazing.
Save silent Hesper's sweet and friendly glance,
Naught e'er doth meetly eye love's confidence.

Surely a voice in whispers,
And laughter faint, I hear—
Only the swan is circling
And rippling its waters clear.

Upon the air a sound of music flows,
The water's murmur, from the fountain welling.
By zephyrs kissed, her face the shy flower bows—
All things seem animate, of rapture telling.
The nodding grapes invite to joint carouse
The peach that lurks in mellow fulness swelling.
The breezes fragrant, dipped in spicy lush,
With grateful coolness bathe my cheek's hot flush.

Hark! 'tis her footstep coming,
Lightly I heard it fall;—
Only the fruit o'erripened,
Drops from the arbor wall.

Thy fond deceit give o'er, O foolish heart!
Nor seek with fancies sweet to feed thy yearning.
Thine arm is empty still, nor vacant art
Of pictured joys can still thy bosom's burning.
My living love—oh, lead to me apart,
And let me feel her hand my touch returning—
The shadow of her dress, her mantle's seam;
But let me own, and cease the fondest dream!

At last, as if from heaven,
The moment brings its bliss;
Unseen, she waits beside him—
To greet him with a kiss!

W. B. MOER.

Duluth, Minn.



Cattle Outlook Good.

The *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, published at White Sulphur Springs, Mont., says that "at no time in the history of the country has the outlook for cattle-raisers been so promising as at present. It is generally admitted that there is a shortage of beef cattle, and we believe that there was at no time greater efforts made to get feeders than has been going on during the past three months."

Activity in Real Estate.

Altogether, more than 25,000 acres of Barnes County soil has gone into the hands of actual settlers this spring, says the *Jamestown* (N. D.) *Alert*, and more is being sold all the time. Men from outside are coming in, and the old-timers are increasing their holdings. The price of land has advanced, yet at present prices Barnes County real estate is the cheapest on earth when its productive capacity is taken into consideration. One real-estate dealer reports the sale of sixteen sections.

The Northwest's Hop Crop.

The hop outlook for Washington and Oregon is better than it has been for years. Prices are ruling fair, with a decided upward tendency, and the crop will probably be harvested without any serious drawbacks. As the Eastern yield is light, there is sure to be a strong demand for hops grown in the Coast regions. With a better knowledge of hop culture that industry is bound to become of great importance to the people of the States named; a few crop failures ought not to discourage them. In no part of the Union can a better grade of hops be raised than in Washington and Oregon, and, year in and year out, the hop crop is as fairly remunerative as any other crop that can be grown.

Growth Across the Border.

During the month of June the total number of immigrants handled by the local officers of the Dominion department was 2,842, of which Galicians were the greatest portion, the other nationalities being: British 126, Scandinavians 78, Germans 78, French 96, Russians 28. Seven hundred and sixteen registered as farmers and 137 as farm laborers. There were 2,290 destined for points in Manitoba, 526 for the Territories, and 25 for British Columbia. In addition to immigration work, the department has rendered service in securing work for many of the new arrivals, as besides furnishing help to 67 making application for assistants, 158 were found employment in different parts of the Province.—*Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

Great Rhubarb Plants.

The Garfield (Wash.) *Enterprise* measured a rhubarb leaf that grew in a garden there this summer, and says that it was fifteen feet in circumference and was supported by a stem that was about the size of a sapling. The Great Falls *Leader*, Mont., tells of rhubarb plants raised near that town which stand four feet high. Three stalks, as they were prepared for the market, with the exception of taking off the leaves,

were brought into the *Leader* office and measured. From the butt to the tip of the leaf, one measured forty-one inches and had a leaf which was thirty inches across. The stalks were in proportion, one being five and one-fourth inches in circumference. The secret of their great growth lies in the fact that they were planted where the ground had formerly been used for a sheep corral, and was, therefore, of more than usual fertility.

Good Times for Manitoba.

According to the Northern Pacific crop reports, the farmers along that line in Manitoba have finished seeding and all crops are looking well. There is an increased acreage ranging from ten to fifteen per cent in some localities to forty or fifty per cent in others. The season is several weeks earlier than last year, the ground is moist, weather conditions favorable, and a great yield is anticipated for 1897.

It may be added that general conditions throughout the Province are equally good. There is much new growth in Winnipeg and in other towns reached by the Northern Pacific, new settlers are coming in, and lands are in fairly good demand in most of the agricultural regions. Better times are being experienced in Manitoba as in the American Northwest, and hope seems strong in the breasts of all loyal Canadians.

Of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Bounteous yields of corn and all kinds of cereals in Minnesota and the Dakotas this year, together with the fair prices that are almost sure to prevail, will again turn all eyes toward these unequalled harvest grounds. There is now little doubt that the total yield will be immense and of excellent quality. Minnesota even bids fair to rival Iowa and Nebraska as a corn State, the present stand of corn being pronounced equal to the best. There may be sections where late seeding and high water will render big yields impossible, but the general reports indicate the best of feeling and the strongest hope in all the agricultural regions of the Northwest. It seems to be the almost universal belief that a general loosening of purse-strings and a great revival of building, industrial developments and other lines of business await the successful harvesting of the current crops.

Western Fir in South Africa.

E. C. Seeböhm, who spent the last year in South Africa and in various other parts of the civilized and uncivilized world in the interest of the J. A. Fay & Egan Co., of Cincinnati, is about as well versed on the lumber situation in South Africa as anyone. Mr. Seeböhm says that the annual consumption of lumber there is about 500,000,000 feet. The bulk of this comes from Puget Sound, and is imported as Oregon fir, although a considerable amount of yellow pine comes in from Gulf ports. All the sash, doors and blinds used in South Africa come from Sweden. It probably will not be long, however, before some of our enterprising Puget Sound red cedar sash-and-door manufacturers begin to work the South African trade and take away from Swedish manufacturers some of this business. Western fir has a strong hold on the South African trade, and it probably will not be long before sash and doors from the West Coast are also used there.—*Miss. Valley Lumberman.*

A Great Coast Trade.

The Tacoma (Wash.) *West Coast Trade*, speaking of the Northern Pacific and the freight business it is doing over Tacoma's wharves at the present time, says that "no ordinary transportation system possesses the resources at its command for the concentration of rolling-stock and

freight and for the forwarding of commodities that come to it for quick dispatch upon occasions like the present. Since June 1, besides the ordinary movement of freight, the Northern Pacific has carried eastward from Washington over 1,500 car-loads of lumber and shingles, dozens of train-loads of cattle and live stock, and the Oriental cargoes of the steamships Mount Lebanon, Pathan and Braemar, each requiring over 100 freight-cars. The road has been compelled to concentrate in its yards here 500 empty freights for one week to load and distribute to every section of the country the tea and valuable Oriental commodities of three more great steamships. The Mogul, one of the largest of the transpacific freighters, and the regular liners, Tacoma and Victoria, come forward in a drove, and with a great force of long-shoremen working night and day with specially constructed labor-saving machinery, the Northern Pacific must start long special trains across the continent, as the freightage is hauled from the holds of the steamships at a rate of nearly a hundred cars daily. Neither do these ships go away in ballast, but products from all over the Northwest and the Union must be gathered to in turn load them with flour, cotton, machinery, tobaccos and the various things that the Oriental trade has learned to consume. In a short time this rolling-stock, now being scattered over other railway systems to all parts of the United States, must all be back and available for moving the wheat-crop and other agricultural products of the Northwest. Probably no road so widely distributes its cars, and certainly from few sections is there such a continuous disbursal of commodities where the returning tide of freightage is lighter."

As Viewed by Expert Eyes.

The editor of the North Yakima (Wash.) *Ranche and Range*, a progressive, weekly devoted to the agricultural and live stock interests of the Northwest, talks as follows in an interview with a Seattle paper:

"Fruit is promising well throughout the Northwest, and all kinds will bear abundantly, making a much larger yield in the aggregate than ever before. Prunes will be an immense crop. I have been traveling for days through Washington and Oregon orchards, where the trees were loaded to breaking with fine prunes. The dryers will have plenty to do this year, and in addition heavy shipments will be made to the East in the green state. All the leading commission houses of the Eastern cities have representatives in the field soliciting consignments.

"Other fruits will be in large supply. The Yakima and Wenatchee peaches will be short. Southern Oregon has an immense crop. Apricots raised in Central Washington are now ripening and will be sufficient in quantity to drive the California product out of the Sound market. Pears and apples are a fair crop everywhere in the Northwest.

"The future of the Evergreen State has never seemed brighter. After all that is said about our mining, commercial and industrial interests, when we pause to consider the inpouring of millions of dollars into our midst, resulting from the good crops of our farms and the products of our ranges, we must conclude that agriculture is the greatest of all the factors in our prosperity. It is particularly encouraging to note the degree of advancement in our farming valleys and the aggressive spirit our farmers are showing in the way of individual effort and by co-operative movement. A few years ago it would have been impossible to hold successfully such farmers' institutes as are now being conducted all over the State by the professors of the agricultural college, because of the lack of

interest in legitimate farming. Today every ray of helpful information is eagerly caught up by our agriculturists. You would be very agreeably surprised to note the number of inquiries on all topics, demands for bulletins and agricultural books, coming into such offices as my own.

"Immigration is steadily enlarging our rural population. The Yakima Valley is particularly persistent in its invitations to people of energy. We have killed off all the boomers who used to infest our country, and have revised the system of immigration to the extent that we tell intending settlers that it is not possible to become a millionaire from ten acres of Yakima soil, but that if they desire to live comfortably and have their table provided with all the luxuries of the epicure; if sunshine and healthful, invigorating climate and the benefits of enlightened, progressive communities are advantages sought for, we have what they seek. The Wenatchee Valley is attracting particular attention, because of the superior quality of its products. The development of the various irrigation enterprises now under way will bring out

nimble again. He now claims to be the champion convalescent cherry picker of Idaho.

"But it is not cherries alone that we have here. The prunes—oh, the prunes!—and the fine, juicy pears, delicious peaches and red-cheeked apples—all these, in their time, are a sight to see! Come to the fruit fair at Spokane, Wash., this fall, and see them. Idaho claims the belt for fruit on the following counts: First, for the greatest number of varieties; second, for the finest flavored fruit; third, for the best-keeping qualities of fruit.

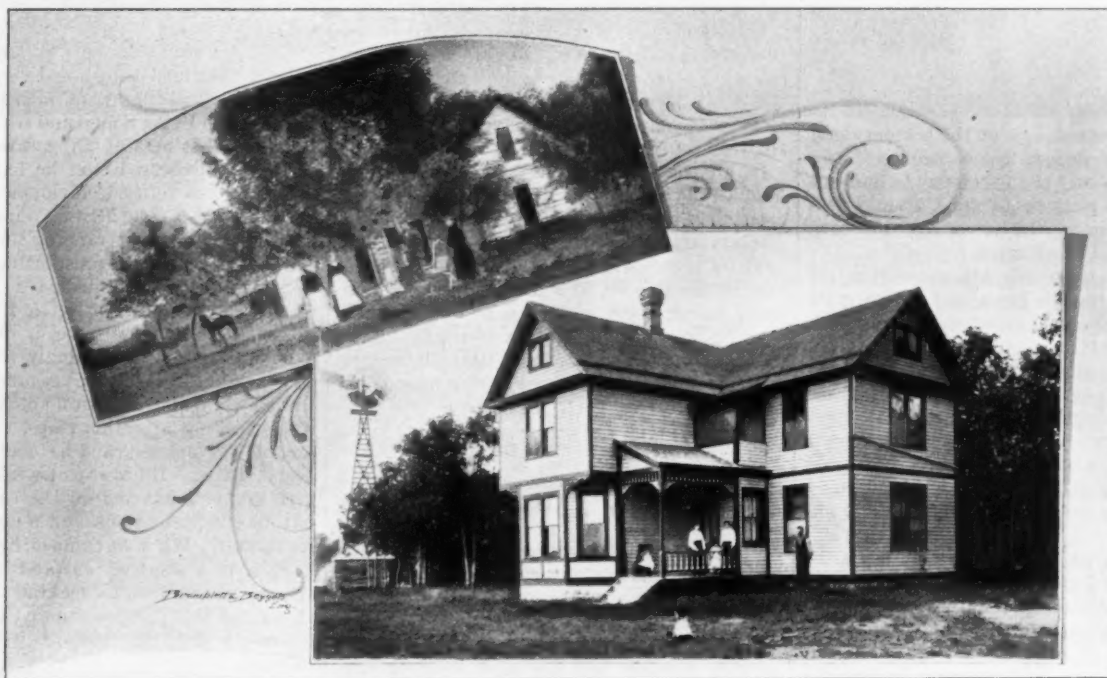
"In the matter of health and as a resort for invalids, Idaho rivals every State in the Union (see U. S. statistics). Sick, feeble and worn-out persons coming here are sure to revive if there is any vitality left in them. This pure mountain air, clear cold water, with every kind of vegetables from the garden, every kind of meat from the shambles—everything good to eat and an appetite to relish it, gives rest to the mind and ease to the body and soul."

So far as can be learned, the German Baptist brethren who went to Idaho and Washington are well pleased with both country and pros-

and foreign capital. Nearly everyone who had money loaned in this State at that time became alarmed, fearing that they might lose; and as fast as their money became due they demanded prompt and immediate payment. The consequence has been that many old mortgages have been paid off and very few new ones have been made.

"For the past four years there has been a constant and a steady liquidation of old debts. In former years the farmers, as well as men engaged in other occupations, were in the habit of running store bills; but since 1893 they have changed their method of doing business and have paid cash at the time of purchase or have gone without many articles which they would formerly have bought under the credit system. This course has worked well; the people of the State are really in a better financial condition than they have been in for many years.

"I have been a resident of Washington twenty-five years, and I have never seen such fine crops as are now growing here. All kinds of fruit, vegetables and grain are looking splendidly. If nothing occurs to destroy the crop, an



AN EXAMPLE OF FARM PROGRESS IN MINNESOTA—THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.

that valley as one of the foremost in the State."

Nez Perce Fruits.

Conditions in the Nez Perce Reservation Country, Idaho, are full of promise for intending settlers. Under date of July 9 the Rev. George W. Thomas, formerly of Ames, Iowa, but now a member of the German Baptist colony in the vicinity of Nez Perce, writes to this magazine as follows:

"Each year the Fourth of July finds this part of Idaho in the midst of cherry-time. It is cherries, cherries on all sides where there are trees. Every variety in the known world grows to perfection here. Elder Stephen Johnson, of Iowa, who came here an invalid May 4, has so far recovered as to be able to pick these delicious cherries easily. On Tuesday, July 6, he actually picked a six-quart pailful of black cherries in nine minutes. He was so badly crippled by rheumatism that he had not written a letter with pen and ink in five years, but was compelled to write with pencil. His health is wonderfully improved and his fingers are getting

pects. We publish these occasional letters in order that the simple truth may be made known to less fortunate brethren in Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Statements from one of their own faith must carry conviction. It will be an easy matter to write to Mr. Thomas at Nez Perce, Idaho, and thus obtain full particulars respecting that interesting territory.

A Bright Outlook for Washington.

The following communication from D. F. Percival of Cheney, Wash., is so full of the spirit of progress and enterprise that it ought to serve as a perfect antidote to the unwholesome influence of calamity howlers. Mr. Percival has large and varied interests in Washington. He is as progressive as he is prominent, and as close thinking and conservative as he is enterprising. In writing to this magazine he says, among other things:

"In the spring of 1893, when the financial crisis came on, the people of this State were heavily in debt, having been large borrowers of Eastern

abundant harvest will be gathered. The farmers will finish paying old debts, and have a surplus of cash. Hard times for the past four years have taught the people that borrowing money is not a safe proposition. At this time there appears to be no desire to borrow, but nearly everyone seems determined to become freed from debt by his own exertions and by strict economy. There is no doubt in my mind that the people of this State are in better condition than at any time for the past ten years. Land is gradually and steadily rising in value; many who were anxious to sell their farms at almost any price, will neither sell nor set a price upon their holdings now.

"The Populist craze that swept the State last November is rapidly dying out, and hereafter many will leave the Populist party and vote with the party to which they formerly belonged. Confidence is being restored, and everything indicates better times. We feel that an era of prosperity is near at hand—such as has not been experienced since the construction of the railroads across the continent."



They Work the Mine Together.

Midway between West Centerville and the Big Butte, there is a mine being operated by a man who has his wife for a partner. Day in and day out, during the past month, be the weather foul or fair, the man and his wife trudge from their home in Centerville to the mine. She lowers her husband by the Armstrong hoist, and, when the bucket of dirt or ore is filled, hoists it to the surface like a little man. Curious people who have trespassed upon her mining domain and who have watched her with interest, say that she is quite handy as a top hand, and is a "quartz-sharp" of no mean ability. She evidently relishes the work, and goes about as if it were nothing uncommon for a woman to be engaged in it. May she strike it rich.—*Dillon (Mont.) Examiner.*

Fish Eating Grass.

A rancher whose place is on the bottom along the Willamette slough, below Holbrook Station, was in the city the other day to find out whether he had recourse to the United States Fish Commission for the introduction of carp into the rivers of this section.

He says that these fish are destroying his meadows by eating his grass and grubbing up the roots. As the water overflows his meadows, the carp follow it up in thousands—the small ones, weighing about three pounds, pushing their way up where the water is only three inches or so in depth and clearing off all vegetation, so that when the water recedes he will have mud flats in place of meadows.

While looking at the fish eating his grass, he got so mad that he took off his shoes and stockings and went out into the shallow water and attacked them with a hoe. He slashed a lot of them in two, but when the drove became alarmed and made for deep water, they bumped their noses against his shins and came near knocking him off his feet, and his ankles are black and blue from the thumping he got. As for driving the carp away, he says he might as well have tried to sweep back the rise of the Columbia with a broom.—*Portland Oregonian.*

No Criminal Cases There.

A correspondent of the St. Paul *Globe* writes as follows from Glendive, Mont.:

"I attended a session of the county court this morning, and to my great surprise heard the smooth-faced, black-frosted judge remark from his bench:

"As there are no criminal cases to be tried during this session, a jury will not be necessary."

"Just think of it! Here in the wild and woolly West, in the heart of the cowboy's home, where the comic paper writers lay the scenes for their 'Bloody Ike' anecdotes, at a session of the county court not one criminal case was called. Then where is our devil-may-care cow-puncher, who uses a bowie knife for a toothpick and shoots at any individual who happens to look at him cross-eyed? Where is the hero of the yellow-covered novel who delights in riding horseback into a saloon and shooting the decanters off the bar? The cowboy of the reality is here, and he is a decent, hardworking man, who occasionally gets drunk and blows off

a little steam; but I would rather ride next to him across the plains than to take my chances with many a silk-titled 'gent' of the East."

The Indian's Potlatch.

Indians have said that a potlatch means that a chief, in order to keep up his dignity and to return hospitality, heaps up riches for this occasion. On a day fixed, he invites neighboring friendly tribes, generally allies, in order to keep alliances or make additional ones for defence or offence or amity, and for this purpose gives a feast and makes presents; in fact, so numerous are his gifts that he himself becomes beggared. Other chiefs have done the same to him and his tribe, so it is merely an exchange of courtesy and property.

The guests usually arrive a day or two earlier. In their canoes, they advance in proper order and array, singing some tune in time to the paddles. The spokesman of the chief on land welcomes them with an oration, and then provides them with a place to encamp. All are treated in the same manner on arriving. Swan's-down, the sign of peace, is distributed.

On the days of the potlatch there is plenty of the best and most dainty provender, and music, dancing and other amusement. The people are most polite and friendly, and care is taken to maintain order. Spirituous liquors are not on the card. Generally speaking, the visitors go away peaceably—alliances have been renewed and friendship sworn to.

In all these things there is much that resembles the customs of civilized countries—the meeting of monarchs—the presents—the grand displays attendant thereon—the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and the glorification of the chiefs. The intention of the potlatch has in some instances, no doubt, fallen from its original signification, owing to the Indians having become debased through contact with civilized men and from having introduced their vices.—*Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.*

A Daughter of the Diggings.

Writing of the Yukon gold-fields and the Klondike District, in Alaska, a correspondent says:

"Romance has also entered into this dominion of Mammon and unrighteousness. It has come in the form of a pretty girl, about whom nobody knows, yet whom everyone loves. She is by no means a daughter of the gods, and is neither divinely tall nor most divinely fair, but she is a sturdy beauty who works her own claim, and who, the gossips have it, is making money. Not only does she work her claim, but on more than one occasion she has defended it with revolvers. If there is anything that the miner admires, it is a plucky woman. If there is aught that he really loves, it is a pretty girl who seems not to be aware of his existence. Pleasant, bright, with a cheery word for all and a word of affection for none, this girl of the mines has almost set the diggings by the ears. No man has the slightest claim upon Annie Graves, as she calls herself, and if any man alleged that he did have, it would probably have a tendency to shorten his existence.

"Miss Annie is in many respects like unto the typical Westerner. About the medium height, she is of good figure and carries herself like a princess. Her face is neither oval nor round. As one of the red-shirted gentry said, 'She's pretty—that's all.' There is scarcely a night but what, in some one of the places where whisky and cards rule, there is not a quarrel over this young woman between men who have perhaps never spoken to her. She is the daughter of the diggings, and there is no man there who would not fight for her at the drop of the hat.

"As to her history she is entirely reticent. No one knows whence she came. The most that anybody can say is that she simply appeared here one morning, and from that time the diggings' inhabitants have been her slaves. It might be thought a rather dangerous task for a pretty young woman to go about alone and apparently friendless, so far as close friends are concerned, but the man who would say an insulting word to Annie Graves had better turn his thoughts to the next world, for that is the direction in which he would be sure to go."

A Trail Blazer's Experience.

R. A. Brown, of Volcanic mine fame, better known throughout Kootenai as "Crazy" Brown, has been in Rossland several days enjoying himself with some of his old friends, says the Rossland (B. C.) *Miner*. Mr. Brown is one of the remarkable characters of this country. He came out to British Columbia in 1884, walking across the mountains with a pack on his back and striking the Columbia River where the town of Revelstoke now is. He lived originally in Muskegon, Michigan, where he followed the profession of saw-filer in a big lumber-mill. He led a little strike among the employees and had to leave.

When he reached the Columbia River he made a "dugout" canoe and came down the river to Marcus, then went out to Colville. He went over to Puget Sound and tried to get work at his old business of filing saws in lumber-mills, but discovered that he had been black-listed and was refused employment. He then went into the Kettle River Country of British Columbia, following trapping for a living, incidentally doing some prospecting in the summer season. He established a line of traps from the head waters of Kettle River across to the Upper Arrow Lake, a distance of 125 miles through an exceedingly rough country, and one almost wholly unexplored.

Some vivid stories are told of his experience while looking after his traps. The game he sought was marten, and he made \$400 or \$500 every winter. He always traveled alone, not even taking a dog, and says he carried nothing but his rifle, provisions, and a piece of drilling for shelter. When he camped, he stretched the drilling in a slanting way and made a bed of spruce or cedar boughs, making a back so as to throw the heat into his improvised bed. There he would sleep in comfort, without even a blanket.

There were many caribou in the country at that time, and they were so gentle that they would stand and look at him as he passed by on his snowshoes. He never disturbed them, except now and then when he shot a young one for meat.

He located the Volcanic mine, on Kettle River, twelve miles from the present town of Grand Forks, in 1890, and about the same time he located the great Copper Mountain claim on the Smilkameen. He estimates that the Volcanic has \$5,000,000 worth of ore in sight, and is just about closing a deal on the Copper Mountain property, by which he will receive a large interest in an English company.

Sioux Falls' First Sunday-School.

To Mrs. Coats must be given the honor of starting the first Sunday-school in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. She knew it was sinful—the way the youngsters were allowed to run loose, and vainly tried to interest the men-folks in the good work she was contemplating. Finally, however, she declared strongly that they must help her.

Now, in those early days a good game was generally going on, during the only idle day of the week, and it did seem hard to—to have to give



GATHERING HOPS IN THE FAMOUS YAKIMA VALLEY, WASH.

up a good hand and go lead a Sunday-school in prayer or in singing. But Mrs. Coats was persistent, and they finally learned to look upon it as a regular thing that they should play a few hands and then recognize Mrs. Coats' appearance upon the scene and her announcement that it was time for Sunday-school. They would "cash in," go up and teach the children for an hour, take turns Sunday-about at praying, all take a class, and assist at the singing.

One Sunday there was a particularly good game started and several fat jack-pots had enlivened the sport. The boys decided that they must hide from the argus-eyed Mrs. Coats, and they finally went down to the ledge by the falls, where the jutting rocks served both as a rest for their backs, a table for the cards, and, most important of all, a screen from the rest of mankind—more particularly womankind. But, alas! like Adam in the Garden of Eden, they heard the voice of their Lord—otherwise the shrill treble of their moral mentor—calling:

"Where are you, boys? Here, you lazy, God-forsaken rascals! You come right straight to Sunday-school! There's no one to pray and no one to teach the Bible-class, and we're waiting for you."

Then a little woman, heated and rosy from her long walk and search in the sun, leaned over the ledge and smiled at them.

With regretful looks at the tempting jack-pot, the men said they would go "if they might deal just one more hand."

She consented, if they'd hurry, and, fortunately for the cause of good in the future city, openers were found in at least one hand, and, the pot having been duly raked in by the owner of the best hand, the crowd adjourned to Sunday-school, where, to their credit, be it said, they took up their duties with as much interest as they had displayed when playing poker on the ledges near the beautiful falls of the Sioux River.

M. A. H.

A Son's Heroic Effort.

An incident occurred in connection with the county clerk's office within the last three days that smacks of the heroic, and the obscure young man who was the central figure in it would, for a similar exploit under a military

administration, be entitled to some sort of medal or decoration, says the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*. Perhaps, however, the satisfaction of having accomplished his object, the saving of his old father's homestead, is all the reward he covets.

It was late Thursday evening. Already the afternoon sun was beginning to shine far up the eastern wall of the clerk's office. Two men presented themselves in front of W. W. DeLong's desk, and the elder of the twain signified in very broken English, with a strong German accent, his wish to become a full-fledged citizen of the United States. Inquiry developed the fact that his name was Charles Mattis, and that he had fought during the civil war as a member of the Third Minnesota Regiment, Company I. This fact at once interested DeLong, for his father was a member of the same organization. So Mr. DeLong addressed himself with the greatest possible eagerness towards satisfying the old gentleman's wishes.

Unfortunately, a serious obstacle presented itself. Mr. Mattis had neither his "first papers" in the citizenship process, nor had he his discharge from the Union army. Instead of this, he had brought along with him a document which he seemed confident would prove the open sesame to the door of American citizenship.

"No, I haf not got mine babers of zitizenship, and mine discharch I haf not got; but I haf got here one ledder from McGinley, und McGinley is all righd," he said.

"A letter from McKinley?" said DeLong, even his single-tax stoicism moved somewhat by the prospect of reading an autograph communication from the President.

"Yes," said the old man; "I haf got it here;" and, sure enough, he pulled out a formidable-looking document bearing a Washington City postmark. But, alas! inspection proved that it was far from being a "ledder from McGinley." The old man had indeed written to the President, and his letter had been courteously referred to the Department of the Interior for a proper reply. The letter department had simply written that it had the matter under advisement and would give it attention in due time. It was this vague act of courtesy to

which the old man had pinned his faith as a "ledder from McGinley."

When the matter was explained to him he almost broke down completely, and, as the sequel showed, with good reason. Yesterday was the last day he had for filing on the little homestead claim in Mason County which constituted his sole earthly possession. It was then late Thursday afternoon. He had at home an honorable discharge from the army; but his little home lay eighteen miles back from tide-water. Even if he could catch a boat at once, he had no coach-and-four to take him over those eighteen weary miles, and he doesn't ride a bicycle. The prospect seemed utterly hopeless.

Then the little episode of heroism began. With the old man was his son, an unpromising-looking rustic of some thirty-nine years, long of hair and lanky of figure. As soon as the situation was made perfectly clear to him he acted, but not till then. He and the old gentleman were not satisfied with DeLong's word; they must have higher authority. DeLong had to go and see Judge Jacobs. In fact, he had to go and see him twice before his rural visitors would be convinced. When at last the matter was positively settled, the young man shot out of the office door with a stride that amazed the casual pedestrians along the corridor. He went down the long flights of stairs two at a time. Fortune favored him. He reached the dock just in time to catch the little steamer. It was late that night when his feet touched shore. Undaunted, he set out on his long march. Mile after mile he put behind him. It was nearly midnight when he reached the little cabin. He got the precious paper he had come after. With but a snatch at a mouthful of food, he started back.

Day was breaking when he reached the landing. He had made his thirty-six miles on foot, with no companionship save the winds that whistled through the darkened forest, and no witnesses save the stars that shone overhead. He had the papers. He caught the return steamer. Friday evening his old father became a citizen of the United States, and yesterday he completed and perfected his claim to the little home, guaranteed him by the Government he had fought to preserve.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

The first definite effort to preserve the great national wonders of the United States was when the State of California set apart the wonderful Yosemite Falls and park and the big trees, of world-wide fame. Then the Federal Government, realizing the destruction which so-called civilization and progress was accomplishing, set apart forever for the public use the incomparable Yellowstone Park. New York, in conjunction with Canada, has saved Niagara from vandal hands and set apart the Adirondack Mountains as well as the famous Palisades of the Hudson—never to be changed by modern progress, but always to be a health resort for the people.

Within the last two years Minnesota and

Wisconsin in preserving for State use the great natural beauties on her side of the river. The proposed site comprises a total of 1,600 acres, of which 160 acres is navigable water, and it is estimated that the sum of \$15,000 would be sufficient to purchase the entire park system.

In these days of active commercial and industrial development we are apt to lose sight of nature's scenic features and view God's landscape with an eye to its productive capacity only. We know the commercial value of every acre of land, timber and quarry-enclosing cliffs, but we quite overlook their value as educators of the human mind and soul. We should remember that

"The groves were God's first temples."

When they returned to civilization they gave accounts of a beautiful river which spouted forth from an immense precipice and really had no source at all, except in the frowning rock. Later, more venturesome and less imaginative navigators ascended to the first falls, and a village was started at Taylor's Falls.

It is difficult to describe the strangely chaotic formations which comprise The Dalles and the land included in the park system. The rapids, falls and Dalles extend a distance of six miles, the river having a fall in that distance of sixty-three feet. In available water-power the fall is second only to the Falls of St. Anthony. The Dalles proper are about one mile in length. The river, in its passage through them, varies from fifty to three hundred feet in width and has an average depth of one hundred feet. The Dalles consist of high vertical cliffs that flank the valley of the St. Croix River as it winds its way to the Mississippi, forming a boundary line, for one hundred miles, between Minnesota and Wisconsin. A great formation of trap-rock, a thousand feet thick, crosses this part of the country, and many and strange are the shapes into which some long-past convulsion of nature has thrown the molten mass, which, cooling gradually, has left a mighty chasm



THE TOWNS OF TAYLOR'S FALLS, MINNESOTA, AND ST. CROIX FALLS, WISCONSIN, AS SEEN FROM THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX RIVER.

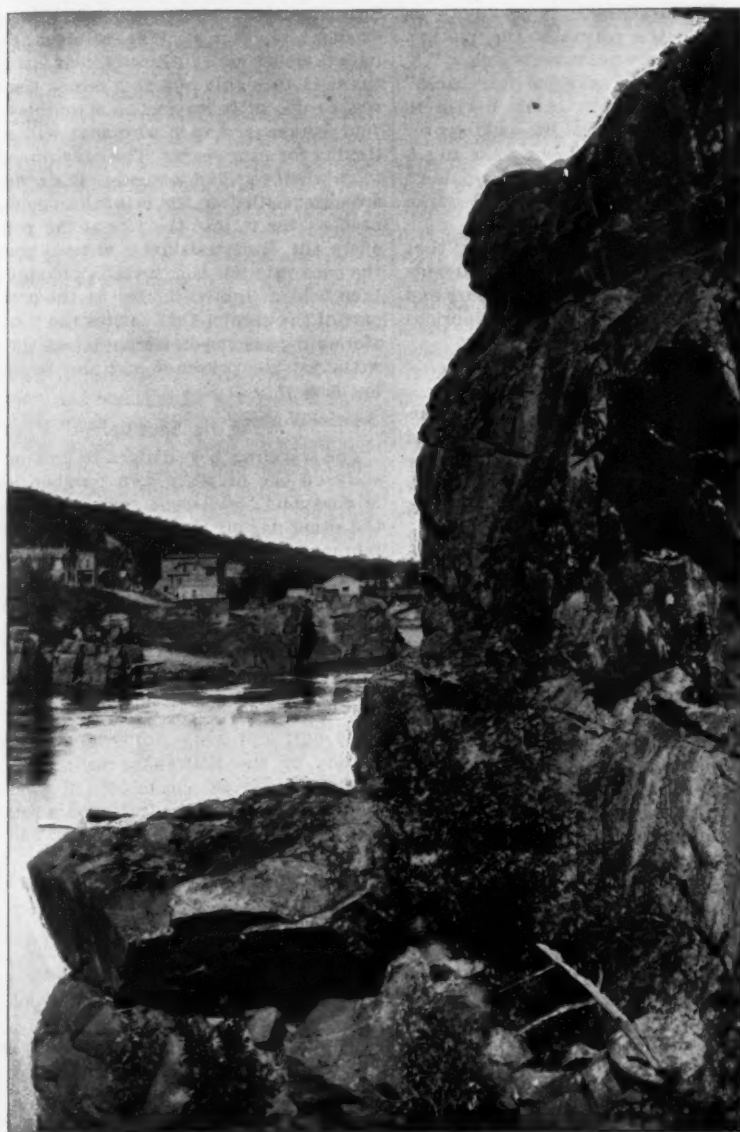
Wisconsin have awakened to the fact that on their boundary is one of the most unique rock formations on the American continent, and steps have been taken to secure the land in the immediate vicinity of The Dalles of the St. Croix as an interstate park. The importance of establishing this park, comprising the magnificent physical features of the locality, has long been a question of local consideration. The project was too great and expensive to be developed wholly by local aid, and Taylor's Falls and St. Croix Falls, in Minnesota and Wisconsin respectively, applied to their State Legislatures for aid. The citizens of Taylor's Falls have been aided by St. Paul citizens, who have taken a deep interest in the project. Last winter \$2,500 was appropriated by the Minnesota Legislature to be expended in general improvements; and, though Wisconsin failed to do her share in the session just closed, there is no doubt that she will see the advantage to be derived from an interstate park and join Min-

nesota when worn and weary with business cares or with sickness or the heat of summer, it is pleasing to know that there are places that have been set apart for rest and recreation, where the spirit can be soothed and the whole being elevated by contemplating the grandeur of the handiwork of nature's God. It seems surprising that steps have not before been taken to preserve the Dalles of the St. Croix as a State or national park. No intelligent person, once having seen the Dalles and the wonderfully beautiful natural, I might almost say unnatural scenery along the St. Croix, would hesitate to say that it is one of the most romantic and picturesque places in this country.

The Dalles of the St. Croix enjoy a fame that is historic. Years ago the French voyageurs sailed up the St. Croix to within view of the great acclivity which marks the abrupt bend in the river just below Taylor's Falls. They saw the turbid waters rushing straight from the base of the rock, and approached no nearer.

through which a turbulent stream roars and tumbles over great masses of debris. It has been on these jagged rocks in the bed of the river that the pine sawlogs have caught, forming at times the greatest jams known to lumbermen in the Northwest.

The lapse of centuries has given the river time to wear away the trap-rock, until now the cliffs rise two hundred and even three hundred feet above the rushing, roaring waters. The various well-known features of the Interstate Park, such as the Devil's Chair, The Sentinel, (which is the most perfect profile and bust ever discovered in mountain scenery), Echo Rock, with its reverberating sounds and many picturesque views, have often been illustrated and described. They are wild, beautiful, and grand. Nevertheless, recent developments, incident to putting the park in line with other parks of a like character, have resulted in equally interesting discoveries, a brief mention of which will doubtless be found entertaining.



"OLD MAN OF THE DALLES," THE MOST PERFECT ROCK FACE AND BUST KNOWN.

The rock wells, or "pot-holes," were few in number and partially or wholly filled with debris. In the work of cleaning and improving the park, many of these wells have been cleaned, and so many new ones have been discovered that the Minnesota side is literally honeycombed with these curious reminders of titanic forces which formed cavities in the rock from a few inches in width and depth to ten or twelve feet in diameter—and, in at least one instance, to unknown depth. Their origin is due to the grinding power of boulders which, rolling into a depression or a hole in the rock, were then set to swirling by falling water and thus given a spiral or drill-like motion which enabled them to bore their way to variable depths. In the course of ages some of these wells have been bored with perfectly rounded sides, others have a corkscrew appearance, while others have irregular shapes that are curious in their very unevenness. It was while cleaning them of water, sticks and moss as well as the more solid soil, that these boulders were discovered—veritable tools of nature, worn smooth and round as though polished by a lapidary. With the subsidence of the mighty torrent their work ceased, and only the mute evidences of irresistible forces of nature remain.

A large cave called The Kitchen, and another The Parlor, are now romantic picnic-grounds, and many a quiet nook of verdant grass, with

trickling springs to quench the thirst, are to be found. Hundreds of natural beauty spots are to be seen at every turn. One is constantly seeing something new—something which creates a feeling of awe in one's breast, causing him to marvel at the wonderful works about him.

On the Wisconsin side are wooded heights with innumerable springs gushing forth their crystal waters; a beautiful lake where fish in abundance can be caught; a series of most beautiful drives and a prospect of a terraced drive around the highest peak, where picnics can be had in full view of the panoramic display, and many other attractions which must await future mention. There are good hotels in both towns, more particularly the Cochecho (Co-che-co)—a name that should be substituted for Taylor's Falls. It is an Indian name, of course, and signifies "rapid waters." Both Taylor's Falls and St. Croix Falls are easily reached by St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth people via the popular St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Passengers leave the main line at Wyoming, about twenty miles north of St. Paul, from which

point the Taylor's Falls branch soon carries them to the wonderful Dalles. In the summer seasons these trains connect with pretty steamers which ply the waters of the St. Croix River, to the delight of all excursionists. It is indeed a very interesting trip, one that is destined to attain great popularity in the near future.

I cannot close this article without speaking of the peculiar coloring of the rocks, which is due, not alone to the metal oxides, feldspar and hornblende composing them, but to the growth of beautifully variegated minute lichens on their surface. These vary in color almost like the chameleon, according to the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; and, ever changing from somber gray to green, purple, or to all the colors of the rainbow, they add their quota of beauty to the scene. All the vines that grow in northern latitudes, all the flowers that bloom in woodland or on plain, and all the trees seen in the north, are here to fill the park with their treasures. Blue harebells nod from the crevices of the stern, gray rocks, and the wild rose, the columbine, the cardinal flower, the blue gentian and the anemones, asters and lilies are here. One hundred varieties of ferns spread their fronds to the gaze of those who love to wander in woodland ways, while fir, pine, cedar, birch, willow, poplar, maple, walnut, elm and oak stand guard over the botanical and geological wealth beneath.

The work being done by the energetic commissioner is not to improve nature, but rather to unveil the many hidden secrets of rock and soil and draw attention to the park's unique charms. The invalid and the indolent, the tourist and the reader of rocks, the artist and the quiet lover of the beautiful, together with the most exacting critic, may well be satisfied with the sylvan glades and unique grandeur of the Dalles of the St. Croix.

MARY ALICE HARRIMAN.



A "POT-HOLE" IN THE INTERSTATE PARK, DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.



The Engine was Powerless.

The passenger train was stalled just north of town yesterday morning. On examination it was found that a tramp, riding on the brake-beam, was dragging his foot.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

His Busy Day.

At the recent press meeting a great many of Col. Sam Gordon's friends expressed surprise at the fact that he was willing to accept the office of register of the land office—his old position—in preference to several things much better, which he could have for the mere asking, the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle* observes. But, then, the duties of register of the Miles City land office are not onerous and Samuel is not the kind of man who would be arrested on suspicion of having denuded a very large tract of Government land of its heavy timber.

When Sam was register before, he excused himself and left a party of congenial friends on the grounds that he would be very busy next day and, consequently, wanted to get up early.

"Why, how is that?" inquired a friend.

"Oh," replied Sam, "we expect to have a filling tomorrow."

And the Claim Agent Stared.

They tell a good story of an old Swede farmer who had the misfortune to lose a valuable colt the other day, says the *Inland Ocean* of Superior, Wis. The animal jumped out of a pasture, ran down upon the railway and was caught in a cut by an express train. The claim agent of the road went out to effect, if possible, an amicable settlement with the old man.

"We are very sorry, of course, that this affair happened," said the railway man, "and I hope it will not be necessary for us to go into court."

The old farmer looked at him suspiciously and shifted about uneasily, but said nothing.

"You must remember," continued the claim agent, "that your colt was a trespasser on our property when the accident occurred. We don't want any litigation, however, if we can help it, and we'd like to arrange a settlement with you on a friendly basis."

"Vell," said the Swede, slowly, "Ay tal you. Ay bin sorry das fool colt runned on de railroad track, but Ay bin poor man. Ay skall give you two tollar!"

The Yakima Case.

From a stray bit of Washington correspondence it is learned that Senator Wilson paid a visit to the Interior Department recently and asked to see the papers in what is known as "The Yakima Case."

"Let me see them," said the senator. "The Yakima case is a little matter of appointment for an Indian agent out in my State, which is to come up for settlement in a short time. I'll just take the papers and look them over."

"All right, sir," said the clerk, as he disappeared from sight.

In a moment or so he returned, bearing in his arms a huge bundle of papers that made him reel like a ship in a storm.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "Where'll you have 'em—in your lap?"

"Great Scott!" cried the senator. "What are you bringing me? I don't want the whole

Congressional Library; what I want are the papers in the Yakima case."

"But these are the papers in the Yakima case, senator, and there are more to follow."

"Take 'em back, then; take 'em right back," the patriot said. "Do you think I wish to spend the rest of my natural life looking over those papers? No, sir, no! I can make an endorsement without those papers. I wouldn't wade through that pile of papers for a Klondyke gold claim. Take 'em back!"

It is said in the Interior Department that half the States in the Union have applicants for this agency, which pays a good salary and is, withal, located in one of the most salubrious sections of the Pacific Northwest.

A Picturesque "Jag."

Even a jag, when it is original and picturesque in its features, is worth chronicling, and such a jag was turned loose not long ago in one of the railroad offices in Pioneer Place. A well-dressed man, whose wobbly gait betokened mixed drinks or approaching locomotor ataxia, entered the office referred to and inquired the price of a ticket to Spokane. He was told that it was \$15.30.

"How muz?"

"Fifteen dollars and thirty cents," replied the clerk.

The stranger took hold of the edge of the counter and waved around, looking at the clerk steadily and occasionally hiccupping.

"How—muz—for—ticket—to—Spokane?" he inquired again. The clerk repeated.

"Only fifteen zollars an' zerty zens? Gimme ticket to Zpogan," drawing out his money and depositing it on the counter.

The ticket was made out and the money counted. The purchaser then looked out of the door, got his bearings, and started for the street. When he got to the door he stopped and beckoned the clerk outside the counter. The clerk looked at the clock and thought it was time. When he reached the customer, instead of an invitation the buyer of the ticket said:

"How long wiz it take (hic) to cross ferry?"

"What ferry?" was asked.

"Ferry (hic) to Oakland."

"Where do you think you are?"

"Izzn' zis (wiping his mouth) Sa' Franzizco?"

"No; this is Seattle."

"I zhay it's Sa' Frazzizco. Sa' Frazzizco yester (hic) day, 'n' Sa' Frazzizco today. Whaz I wan' iz ticket Sa' Frazzizco to Spokane."

"Well, that ticket will take you to Spokane."

"Sa' Frazzizco 'n' Spak'n wizzout crossing ferry? You be damned!" And the Spokane passenger went weaving his way down the street.

At the depot, when the train started east, he was there with his ticket mixed up with cigarette papers and tobacco. He was steered to the right car, and as the train pulled out he remarked to a fellow-passenger:

"Sa' Frazzizco to Spokane wizzout crossing ferry (hic)! Well, I'll be —!"—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

The Oregon Tick.

Sticking to the sage-brush, to the greasewood, and to the natives in Malheur County is a species of exodus albipictus,—by people in a hurry called wood-ticks, says an Eastern Oregon editor. They are dipterous, with steel traps on their feet and a diamond-drilling apparatus attached to each palpus. They sometimes feed on dogs, but prefer boys and printers. They are without wings, but they can jump 300 feet, and, when they get beneath your pajamas, the damage they do is not so much in what they eat as in what they tramp down. A wood-tick is not so large as a bull-dog, but he

is more to be dreaded than a book-agent or a Spanish mule. Some people, when they find an exodus albipictus sticking to them, take the bullet molds and ruthlessly tear away what there is in sight; but this is not the correct way to do, as it leaves the mandibles still in your company, and a sore that will not quit itching for nine years. The only proper thing to do when you find a wood-tick screwed (they are never nailed) to you is to take a gold-headed needle, run it into the tick at the point that offers the least resistance, until it penetrates the pons varoli of the medulla oblongata, and then hold a lighted lucifer to the protruding part of the needle; this carries the heat to the aforesaid pons varoli, which causes the tick to withdraw his corkscrew and also to get out of business.

He Shut Up.

The traveling boys delight in getting a good story on one of their own number, says the Minneapolis *Lumberman*. One of them told one the other day on Henry Webster, the popular representative of the Foley-Bean Lumber Company of Millaca, Minn. It was given in the language used when telling it, which was about like this:

"I was traveling through Central Iowa, not long ago, and, finding trade fairly good, I was making the towns as fast as I could. Along the latter part of the week I felt pretty well tired out, and while riding along in Keokuk County, on the Milwaukee road, I fell asleep. Just as I was in the middle of a dream in which I was closing a deal with a retailer for ten cars of dimension, after about ten other lumber salesmen had been trying to get it and could not, I was awakened by a loud voice shouting out:

"Webster! Webster!"

"I jumped up, and, looking around, saw one of the trainmen standing at the door, and just as I got my thoughts together he let out another 'Webster.'"

"What in thunder do you want?" I shouted.

"Don't want nuthin'. What's de matter wit yew?"

"You yelled Webster," said I.

"Can't I yell Webster, if I wanten?"

"Not unless you have a wire or a message for me."

"Say, cull, yew air off yew'er base. Guess yew'er daffy, an' ef I wuz yew I wud'n drink so much whisky."

"I don't drink whisky, you blamed fool."

"Then yew air crazy, for sure. Nice time we'd have ef everyone went on like that when I call a station."

"I dropped back and shut up. The train had stopped at Webster, Iowa."

How He Gets His Exercise.

There is a windmill in the vicinity of my house which is grinding water for the neighborhood. It pulls the water out of the Park River up into a tank, which is out of reach of mice or children. When this tank is full the mill loafs, but when it is empty the mill is very busy, providing the wind is working the same day. A windmill without wind acts like a freight train standing on a crossing. The water accumulated in the tank is used to refresh the scenery in the neighborhood and to wipe the dust off the grass and to encourage vegetation. It is also good for barefooted boys' dirty feet—and for thirsty cows.

My end of this irrigation plant consists of a long line of garden hose, which I have exercised to the best of my ability for two evenings until 9 o'clock, when rain drove me in. It is well to learn the habits of hose before putting too much confidence in it. I tried to look

through the hose to see how much water there was in the tank. Just as I got squared around, in good shape for looking, someone opened up the valve that connected the hose with the high water that had blown into the tank via the windmill. While no black bass or sailboats struck me in the face, I was half-drowned before I could get rid of the wet end of that hose. My wife laughed,—but that was before she fooled with the innocent-looking hose with a kink in it. She tried to get rid of it by putting the nozzle in her pocket, and, as she can't swim, we had to stop the mill.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

The Explanation Came Too Late.

J. E. Glass likes nothing better than telling a good story, and one that he told me the other day will bear repeating. Matt Clark, who used to be in the office of the land commissioner over in the capitol building, and has for years been identified with pine land matters, lives out on Summit Avenue in St. Paul. He has a little son, five or six years old, who, despite his youth, displays a marked aptness for business. Desiring to earn a little money with which to buy fireworks for the Fourth, he persuaded his mother to allow him to run a small lemonade-stand on the street in front of the house. A lady came along soon after he had started in business, and asked for a glass of lemonade. He told her that the lemonade in one pail was five cents a glass and that in the other pail two cents per glass.

"Why do you charge only two cents for this lemonade, while you charge five cents for the other?" asked the lady. "Isn't it just as good?"

"Yes; it's just as good in either pail," replied the boy.

"All right," said the lady; "give me some of the two-cent lemonade, if that is the case."

After she had drank the glassful and paid for it, she said:

"Now, Johnnie, I want you to tell me why you only charge two cents for this lemonade, when it is just as good as the other."

"Well, you see, it's just this way," replied Johnnie: "This here lemonade that I charge five cents for was made just the same as that in the other pail that only costs two cents, but Bobby Jones' little bull pup fell in that pail, and so I am selling it three cents cheaper!"—*Miss. Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.*

Humors of Newspaper Work.

A. K. Yerkes, editor of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, has been aptly termed the Bill Nye of Montana journalism. Perhaps one of the best productions from his pen is the following paper on "Humors of Newspaper Work," read in Helena recently to the members of the State Press Association:

"Another humorous incident in an editor's life is to write something of a bridegroom and then have it appear in type like an account of a bull-fight. Once I wrote a fine send-off for Ike Silversmith, a big advertiser who had married a large widow with a small son. It said:

"Ike Silversmith, our well-known, cheap-priced, enterprising clothier, returned last week with his newly-made bride and her son. Mr. Silversmith's acquaintances are congratulating him on his acquisition, and joy prevails where once was gloom."

"Possibly in my more mature years I can write a better notice than that; but, whether I can or not, a facetious compositor changed it so that it read entirely different, and then, after the paper was mailed, some one pointed out the item to me. This is the way it read:

"Ike Silversmith, our well-known, cheap, unenterprising clothier, returned last week

with his bride and newly-made son. Mr. Silversmith's acquaintances are consoling him upon his acquisition, and a jag prevails where once was gloom."

"I could picture no fury so great as that of Silversmith's. I saw him in my sleep, and he was armed with a life-size club. I momentarily expected to see him enter the office and club me to death. For days I lived in horror, like a hunted criminal. Finally I ventured forth into the open air, and in turning a corner I was confronted by the deeply-wronged man. Utter annihilation now stared me in the face. My time had come. He grabbed me by the hand—there was a pause, and then, lifting his voice, he said:

"That was a fine send-off you gave me. Save me six copies of the paper."

Joking a Washingtonian.

Harrison G. Foster, of Tacoma, or "Lydia E. Pinkham," as he is best known nowadays, is a target for jokers. Not long ago the *Snohomish Eye* contained the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A new-milch cow; give age, when fresh, and price on car or boat at Snohomish. Address H. G. Foster, Tacoma."

This announcement rather mystified Foster's many Snohomish friends at the time, and all sorts of conjectures were set afloat as to what he intended doing with a new-milch cow. Some were of the opinion that he intended starting a stock-farm; while others thought he contemplated starting a "milk-shake" factory in the Berlin Block.

So, visions of Lydia E. in a pair of overalls, getting up mornings and milking the cow, chased across the minds of the lumbermen on Puget Sound, and an excursion to Tacoma on the occasion of the first milking was talked of. But Mr. Foster, apparently, is not one of the *Eye's* subscribers, because he appeared somewhat astonished at the arrival, one day, of a letter from a meek and lowly farmer residing near the Tulalip Reservation. It was a labored effort and it read something like this:

"Deer Sur—I herd you wanted a cow and I rite to let you knowe I have just what you want. It is a Durm cow and has large fine titts and a calve. It gives lots uv good milck and the titts are easy to handel. Will sel you the cow and calve for 35 dollars or 30 dollars without the calve and deliver it at the steembote landeng in Snohomish. I need the monney to clear my farm. Yours trewly, etc."

Foster thought at first that the farmer had made a mistake, and he wrote to him accordingly; but when similar communications began to come in he smelled a large-sized rodent and referred all his correspondents to a Seattle man—whom he thought was the author of the

advertisement. But the letters continue to come so fast that he is thinking of chartering the steamer *State of Washington* from H. A. Kyer, agent of the Chicago Great Western Railway, for the purpose of proceeding to Snohomish County to buy all the live stock offered for sale. At all events, he will have the first letter put in a handsome frame.—*Pacific Lumber Trade Journal, Seattle, Wash.*

A Well-Trained Horse.

Lieutenant Tom Lavery, who was one of the features of the late rose fair parade, says the *Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*, had an experience on that occasion which he has sworn never to allow to be repeated.

A few days before the parade came off, Tom loaned his horse to a friend who was off for a brief hunting trip. The friend rode out something less than 100 miles and camped for the night. When he awoke, next morning, the borrowed steed was missing. Slowly and painfully the friend walked in to town and reported the loss. Tom, after trying in vain to recover the animal before the parade, was forced to rustle a steed for use on that occasion.

In some manner the fire-department boys learned of Tom's need, and, as he supposed, out of the kindness of their hearts offered to loan him a department horse. Tom gratefully accepted, and on the day of the parade he mounted the animal and made for the place of assembly full of pride in his handsome mount.

Fire-horses are all carefully trained and have all learned to stop short, no matter at what speed they are traveling, when the word "whoa" is spoken. Now, Tom was a sort of an aide in the parade and had to ride to and fro along the line. In the line were many firemen who knew both Tom and the horse and who saw a good chance to have fun with them. The first time Tom attempted to ride down the line, the trouble began. He was going at a rapid gait when the first fireman was encountered. The fire-ladle softly murmured, "Whoa!" The horse stopped short, and only by the exercise of considerable agility was Tom able to remain in the saddle.

With a muttered remark about the horse, Tom started up again, but he had proceeded but a few yards before another fireman played a similar trick. This occurred several times before Tom caught on to the reason of the horse's peculiar actions, and by that time Tom was a mad, mad aide. His discovery of the joke by no means ended his troubles, for the boys kept the game up until the close of the parade, by which time Tom was in a frame of mind that can better be imagined than described. What he said to the fireman when he returned the horse, has no place here.



A SHAKESPEARIAN HINT.

Sinning Sam—"Quit dat, Beary; I never had no use for po'try."
Beary Bottles—"Well, Sam, fer your 'speshul eddyfication I will jus' state dat dar wuz one line of po'try wot always made me feel better."
Sinning Sam—"Wot wuz dat?"
Beary Bottles—"W'y, 'He who steals my purse steals trash.'"
Sinning Sam—"Gee whizz! Sam. Yer didn't think I tuk ye fer a capitulist, did ye?"



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month, from its offices in the Bank of Minnesota Building, Sixth and Jackson Streets.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of the magazine, and also by the American News Co. of New York and the Minnesota News Co. of St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: For single line display, 22 cents per inch, \$3.00. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 a year, payable in advance. New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition, for ocean postage.

REMITTANCES should be made by Post-Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—The publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped.

ALL MAIL should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1897.

GOOD LAND FOR SHEEP-RAISING.

We look for a great expansion of the sheep industry in the semi-arid regions during the next few years. There is still a large amount of good grazing land unoccupied, and the new tariff gives to wool-growers an assurance of remunerative prices upon which they can base their calculations. In Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Southern Minnesota there are thousands of experienced sheepmen who are now occupying with their flocks agricultural lands that are worth twenty to forty dollars an acre. Many of these men will wish to transfer their industry to the open, free grazing lands of the Far West, and they will be glad to know that good openings are still to be found in those new regions. We desire to invite their attention to the western part of North and South Dakota and to the eastern part of Montana. In those districts it is customary for the sheepman to acquire ownership, by homesteading or by purchase from a railroad grant, of a quarter-section for a home ranch, and to secure in the vicinity a summer range and also a winter range for his flocks. His home ranch must, of course, have water—springs or a small stream, or a frontage on a river. Here he builds his house, his corrals and his stable. If the land is purchased the price is hardly more than nominal, ranging from fifty cents an acre to two dollars. He may be able to take out a small irrigation ditch and have a few fields in wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, and he will raise some alfalfa, millet, or tame grass, for fodder. His pasture-lands are the open range, and his title to their use is derived from occupancy alone.

The winter range must not be grazed in summer. The grass must be allowed to mature and dry so that it becomes standing hay, on which the sheep can browse all winter except during storms, when they should be kept in the corral and be fed. In all ordinary winter weather the animals will do very well on the range. Here is the evident advantage of the range industry—the land costs nothing, and there is nothing to charge up for interest on the investment in

that direction, except the small cost of the home ranch. Wool is so light a product in weight that the extra freight from Montana over that from, say Iowa, to the Eastern markets, does not cut much of a figure. The wool-growers in all the open-range country are sought out at the shipping stations on the railroads by the buying agents of the Eastern dealers and manufacturers, and they get cash on delivery. It might be supposed, by those not familiar with conditions in the Far West, that in a very sparsely settled country there must be difficulty in getting the necessary extra labor at shearing-time, but this is not the case. There exists a considerable army of expert shearers who drift from south to north as the season advances, beginning their work in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and ending it in the Canadian country. These men are a jolly lot of Bohemians, whose home is wherever they spread their blankets. They make good wages and spend their money freely, happy if they are well-fed and have a haymow to sleep in. They travel in parties, and the sheepman is pretty sure to find a camp of them established near his ranch just before the shearing-time begins.

The sheepman who thinks of moving West should look over the country carefully for a location before he sells out in his old home. He must remember that the two essentials are water and grass. He must also recollect that there are unwritten laws of custom that govern the range country, and with which he must conform. He must not encroach on the range of the earlier settlers. He must get acquainted with these settlers, in the neighborhood where he thinks of locating, and agree with them on the area which is to be used for his flock. These settlers may live five or ten miles apart, but they have the social feeling of neighbors in a closely settled region, and they have parceled out among themselves the land that they need. A new-comer must be accepted by them or he will be likely to have trouble. He should by no means try to crowd in where the range is already fully occupied. It would be well, also, for him to take note of the old standing antagonism between sheepmen and cattlemen and not go into a district where the cattlemen claim prior rights. It does not matter much about being near a railroad. Some of the most successful wool-growers live one to three days' journey by wagon from a station and haul in their wool in big wagons drawn by six-horse teams.

In the range country the sheepman's first house is usually built of cottonwood logs, cut on some neighboring stream, or of pine logs hauled from a mountainside. His corral is a rude affair. If he prospers, he builds a good frame house in time. There are usually families enough within a radius of a few miles to maintain a public school, to which the children ride on ponies. A pony can be bought for five dollars, and costs nothing to keep; so that the rancher usually has one for every member of his family. A good shepherd dog is about the most important character on the range. He does the work of three men; in fact, he does what no number of men could do so well—in attending to the flock while they feed, in preventing any animals from straying, in smelling a wolf afar off, and in bringing in the flock to the corral in the evening. A man always accompanies the flock, but he has little to do except in lambing-time. The dog does nearly all the work.

The life of a sheepman in such States as the Dakotas and Montana, and, we may add, in Eastern Oregon, which is a great wool country, is healthful and interesting. He is most of the time in the open air. He is a member of a community fully as enlightened and orderly as

the average farming community in the East. If he has a taste for public affairs, he is likely to be sent to the Legislature or be put into some county office. As he prospers he gains a credit at the bank in the nearest town. He has a good deal to say in such county affairs as the building of roads and bridges and the maintenance of schools. He soon gets to enjoy a certain sense of freedom in having his home in a country that is not all fenced in, and he likes to ride across the ranges without following beaten tracks. He makes hunting excursions, now and then, and brings in a deer or an antelope to help out the family larder. If he is near the mountains, he can easily find a trout stream. The timber wolf and the coyote supply him with rugs, robes, and a winter coat. It is a good, wholesome life for the man and his family; and, if thrift and intelligence rule the ranch, there is a pretty sure independence ahead.

THE KLONDYKE GOLD-FIELDS.

From the far North come reports that have again set the world afire. Not since the days of the forty-niners have the people of this country been so startled by the cry of gold. The reports from the Klondyke Country, followed quickly as they have been by suddenly-enriched miners who are returning from that distant pilgrimage laden with yellow dust and glittering nuggets, have carried with them conviction so deep and strong that legions of men have been moved as by a single impulse to go thitherward in search of similar fortune. No one questions the reliability of these reports. Proof lies in seeing, and Klondyke gold has been seen. Nearly a million dollars' worth was brought to Seattle by one steamer. The returning miners who owned it had fortunes ranging from \$8,000 to \$150,000 each—gold taken from the famed treasure-fields of the Far North. And still these miners come. Every incoming ship from Alaska brings to port other miners who have prospered, whose tales of the Klondyke are not a bit dimmed by their own speedy good fortune.

So it is settled that there is gold on the Yukon and its tributaries in abundance. The thing to do now is to inspire with reason those thousands of adventurous mortals whose footsteps tend in that direction. If they must seek the golden fleece, let them be persuaded to begin their quest at a time when nature shall be with them, not against them. Those who are now en route may possibly reach the mines before cold weather puts an end to navigation, but those belated men who are still bent on going to the Yukon, as though it were as accessible as the Rocky Mountain regions, would better remain at home until next spring and spend the intervening time in "getting a good ready." They will find that a little time and a deal of forethought will serve them well. The gold will be there then as now, and there will be territory enough to afford all a chance. Men cannot make the trip unburdened. All advices state emphatically that complete outfits are necessary, including a winter's or a year's supply of provisions. These supplies can be transported but slowly at best. Even with the best of luck it would be cold weather before one could now reach the mining-camps in the Klondyke region. Prudential reasons should alone cause the larger number of these would-be Argonauts to make haste slowly. Many things may happen between now and the placer-mining season of '98. They may not wish to go then; or, if their thirst for gold be still on, it is very probable that they will be carried thither for a great deal less money, and that the country itself will be able to supply them with mining utensils and the necessities of

life. Supply depots will have been established; there will be no further scarcity of provisions, and organized communities will take the place of lawless camps. The climate will itself limit the amount of development work that can be done there in any one season. There are really but two and one-half months in a year when one can work to advantage. From the 20th of June to the 10th of September the weather in the Yukon Valley is fairly good and there is perpetual daylight. It is then that the miners wash out the "dump" which they have thawed out and shoveled to the surface during the winter. In the summer, the heat is intense; in the long winter months the cold is almost unbearable. Extremes are everywhere—even to tormenting flies and mosquitoes.

Latest advices would indicate that the exact geographical position of the Klondyke (or Clondyke) gold-fields is yet to be determined. It has all along been supposed that they were in the Northwest Territories of British America, but a recent report of United States surveyors states positively that most of the gold country that is now being worked lies west of the crossing of the 141st meridian at Forty-Mile Creek and that the only places where gold has been found in abundance are, therefore, west of the boundary line between Canada and the United States and in American territory. A good authority says that the Klondyke River empties into the Yukon fifty miles above the Big River. The geographical position of the junction is seventy-six degrees ten minutes North latitude and 138 degrees fifty minutes West longitude. Bonanza Creek dumps into the Klondyke two miles above the Yukon. El Dorado Creek is a tributary of the Bonanza. There are numerous other creeks and tributaries, the main river being 300 miles long. So far the gold has been taken from Bonanza and El Dorado creeks, both well named, for the richness of these placers is truly marvelous. El Dorado, thirty miles long, is staked the whole length and has paid well.

There are two ways of getting to this country from the Pacific Coast, taking Seattle for a starting point. One is an all-water route by way of St. Michaels and the Yukon River and its tributaries, the other is what is called the land route via Juneau, Dyea and Chilkoot Pass. The first is the easiest and also the most expensive route, but the latter, though broken by various methods of transportation and calling for greater powers of endurance, is very much shorter and requires a smaller outlay of money. Still another way, and one that is certain to prove very popular, is to take a steamer from Seattle to Juneau and Dyea, pack over the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Linderman, and then build boats to run through the lakes, rivers and small streams to the desired goal. The distance from Seattle to Dawson City, the principal camp in the Klondyke District, via this route is about 1,600 miles. A number of new Yukon transportation companies are now being organized, and there is little doubt that several other routes will be opened to the flood of travel next spring. Whichever way a man chooses, however, he must expect to undergo great hardships; and of the thousands that are sure to go to these far-off diggings, many will return wearied of prospecting and poorer than when they left their slower but surer livings in the old States.

KICKED A NUGGET OF GOLD.—Gold nuggets continue to be found with praiseworthy regularity in the mining regions of the great Northwest. It was only the other day that a poor miner named Erickson stumbled against a solid lump of the yellow metal on Indian Creek, above Hassel and near the big Diamond Hill mine, in Montana, that was worth \$442 in cash, at \$18 to the ounce. There were nearly twenty-five ounces of virgin gold in the lump.



THE writer of these notes desires to make some comparisons between Montana and Colorado, being quite familiar, from fifteen years' observations in the former State, with its resources and progress, and having spent a week recently in travel and observation in the latter State. The State of Colorado now has a population of about 450,000. Montana's population is only about 200,000. Montana has a much larger area of territory than her sister State, and has precisely the same resources upon which to base business and population. Colorado, so far, is ahead for two or three reasons. In the first place, she obtained rail communication with the East more than ten years before Montana secured that blessing. In the second place, she has long been a favorite resort for Eastern health-seekers and pleasure-seekers. These people have money, as a rule, and while roaming around among the mountains and visiting the various mineral springs and resorts of Colorado, are attracted to go into mining and other enterprises which involve the investment of considerable capital.

THE mining resources of Colorado are consequently far better developed than are those of Montana. People who pass through Montana as tourists, usually go to the Yellowstone Park first and then rush on to the Coast, not caring to stop off for even a day at Helena, the capital of the State. The tide of pleasure-travel has been worth many millions of dollars to Colorado, and she has made great efforts to attract it by building very comfortable and luxurious hotels at many points. There are no better hotels in the country than the Brown Palace in Denver, the Antlers at Colorado Springs or the Colorado at Glenwood Springs. All through the Rocky Mountains, wherever there is any point of interest such as a waterfall, a canyon or an extensive mountain view, you find a very nice little modern hotel, well kept and thoroughly attractive. There is nothing of the sort in Montana. Since the Broadwater at Helena was closed, owing to the death of its founder, Colonel Broadwater, there has been nowhere in the State a first-class tourists' hotel. Most of the towns, however, have good ordinary business hotels that answer the needs of tourists very well, but present no special attractions to pleasure-seeking travelers.

I HAVE said that the mining resources of Colorado are far ahead of those in Montana in point of development. They are substantially of the same character in the two States, and consist of the ores of gold, silver, copper and lead, with the addition in Colorado of iron ore, which makes a considerable town out of Pueblo; and of petroleum, which has developed the town of Florence and is, of course, controlled by the Standard Oil Company. So far as opportunities for new mining enterprises are concerned, Montana is not in the least behind Colorado. The great gold-camp of Cripple Creek cannot, of course, be duplicated in the more northern State, but there is lots of good ore in Montana that has not yet been developed. The cyanide process is doing a great deal for Colorado in making low-grade ores valuable,

and can be credited with much of the recent enormous gold production of the State. Last year Colorado produced about \$16,000,000 worth of gold and about \$15,000,000 worth of silver. I think that during the current year her gold record will go up to \$20,000,000 and her silver record will not be far behind. She is a very great mining State, and so is Montana. There are iron ore deposits in Montana, but they have not been developed as yet; whereas those of Colorado have been made the basis of a very great industrial enterprise in iron and steel-making.

THERE is probably twice as much land under cultivation by irrigation in Colorado as in Montana. I have visited the fruit-and-grain-growing valleys of the Platte, the Arkansas and the Grand Rivers and have been delighted with the great object lessons in irrigation which they afford. In Colorado the irrigable lands are pretty nearly all occupied so far as the water supplies will permit; in Montana this is by no means the case. The valley of the Yellowstone alone, below Billings, where there is at present no irrigation whatever, is capable of supporting 100,000 people if put under canals. It is in no way inferior for agricultural and fruit-raising purposes to the valley of the Platte or the Arkansas.

THE cattle and sheep industries in Colorado are not as extensive and do not yield as much wealth or support as many people as they do in Montana. There is much the same kind of dry range country east of the foothills of the Rockies in both States. Montana has a much greater extent of good pasture-land in the valleys of the Rockies and west of the main divide.

THE scenery of the two States is very much alike, and the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas and the still finer canyon through which the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway climbs to the divide of Soldiers' Pass are fully equaled by the magnificent and picturesque rocky formations on the Pend d'Oreille River, seen from the cars on the Northern Pacific Railroad. I was somewhat disappointed in my first view of Pike's Peak. To any one familiar with the great snow-covered giants of the Pacific Coast, —Mt. Shasta, Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier,—Pike's Peak is not very imposing. It is not as fine a mountain seen from Colorado Springs as are the peaks of Gallatin seen from Bozeman, Montana, or the Lolo Peak seen from Missoula; nor do I think it as grand a mountain as Immigrant Peak and Electric Peak, which stand near the Yellowstone Park. The great merit of Colorado's Rocky Mountain scenery is the fact that you can get close to it comfortably by rail and can always find hotels, guides and saddle-horses. So far as deserts are concerned, Colorado has an advantage. If you wish to see an absolute desert, where even sage-brush will not grow, and which is more forbidding, I do not doubt, than any part of the Desert of Sahara, go into the Green River Country. Here a pitiless sun pours down its tropical rays upon a vast waste of sand and volcanic ashes. While crossing this desert on a train I noticed that the thermometer on the Pullman car stood at 99 degrees for four hours.

COLORADO has an exceedingly fine population of intelligent and enterprising men and women, who have come mostly from the New England and the Middle States. They are proud of their State, and lose no chance to advertise it. Montana has also an excellent population of the same class of people. The Montana people are, I think, not quite so pushing as those of Colorado, and are perhaps a

little less public-spirited. These qualities count for a good deal in bringing new people to a State and inducing them to remain and invest their money in developing its resources. Every point of interest in Colorado is thoroughly advertised by illustrated pamphlets, folders, maps and photographs in all the hotels; so that wherever you quarter yourself and unpack your trunk, you are soon inspired with a desire to go somewhere else. Each of the two States possesses excellent railway facilities. But Colorado is a little nearer to the great, populous East, whence the tourists mostly come, and, being more accessible, gets far more travelers. Each State is more prosperous in business ways than are the States of the Mississippi Valley or the Atlantic Coast.

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The great and regular production of the precious metals forms in each State a source of new wealth that is unfailing and which gives tone to business affairs. Especially is this true of the production of gold. All the world wants gold, and the State that can turn it out in large quantities advertises itself by this fact throughout the whole world as a rich community and as a desirable one to live in and to do business in. Fortunes are still to be made in gold-mining in both Colorado and Montana.

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COLORADO has produced in her capital, Denver, an exceedingly fine business and residence city which has no parallel in Montana, but

which will, I believe, have a parallel in that State by the end of the present century. With the same resources and with greater ones of each kind, there is no reason why Montana should not build up a first-class city. Denver now has about 150,000 people. Helena has only 15,000, Butte counts 50,000, and Great Falls has perhaps 12,000. It seems to me that one of these three points in Montana must, before long, grow up to have a population equal to that of Denver with equally good public and private buildings and an equal number of exceptionally handsome homes. Denver is a surprise to all Eastern visitors. It is progressive and cosmopolitan in its tone, and has equipped itself with every possible comfort and elegance of a highly civilized life, including asphaltum pavements, theaters, hotels, electric and cable cars, street-railways, excursion resorts, club-houses, churches and colleges. A New York man or a Boston man can live with his family in Denver without feeling any sense of banishment. He will miss nothing to which he is accustomed in the way of good society and comfortable living. To my mind, the great development of Colorado in recent years is a circumstance that ought to encourage all Montana people. They have everything in the way of material resources which has produced this development, and their State is bound to make a great forward movement very soon.

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TACOMA's second annual Carnival of Roses,

held in that city on July 1, 2 and 3, drew a multitude of people from every part of the State and was successful from start to finish. Celebrated as Washington is for its wealth of flora, it is doubtful if any city on the Coast could make a richer display of queenly roses and other flowers than fair Tacoma. For three days the city was given over to "Queen Anne" and her loyal subjects. U. S. battleships, cruisers and revenue cutters mingled with other craft in the spacious harbor to do honor to the occasion, and on every side were tasteful decorations and those thousand other attractions which usually announce the coming of a prolonged fete. Each day witnessed some new spectacle. The coronation of the Queen on the 1st, the brilliant water pageant which consummated the wedding of the City and the Sea, and the grand Rose Ball, on the 2d, together with the athletic sports and races which followed on July 3, were features of a festival that knew nor break nor mar in all its splendid course. The Carnival or Rose Ball was held in the Exposition Building. It is said that five thousand persons were in attendance—to do honor to the Queen of Roses. Tacoma's social world was there in force. The vast edifice glowed with light and harmonious color. Queen Anne, Mistress of the Carnival, sat upon her throne, at her left was the Bride of the Sea, and about them were many gorgeously-apparelled maids of honor and brave sir knights. Thrice did the governor of the State lead the Carnival Queen around the hall at the head of the grand march, and then the ball was opened and the dancing went merrily on till morning.

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In a conference held recently in New York City between Northern Pacific and Great Northern parties in interest, arrangements were perfected that are said to be satisfactory to all concerned. This adjustment contemplates the selection of a practical operating man for president and of Daniel S. Lamont for vice-president. It is probable that the syndicate which purchased the reorganization stock last spring, and which is composed of Jacob Schiff, William Rockefeller, D. Willis James, Col. Oliver Payne, Daniel S. Lamont, John S. Kennedy, the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, Lord Mount Stevens of Boston, James Stillman of New York, James J. Hill of the Great Northern, and others, will be represented in the new directory. The details of the conference and the name of the new president will be made public at an early date. It is known that the president has already been selected, and that he is at present connected with an Eastern railway system in which J. P. Morgan & Company are interested. Ex-Secretary Lamont will doubtless accept the vice-presidency and take an active part in the management of the Northern Pacific property.

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ONE of the finest municipal buildings in the United States is unquestionably the new City Hall in Milwaukee. It is a worthy monument to the civic pride and energy of a well-governed and progressive city. In architecture it resembles the mediaeval hotels de ville in France and Belgium. In the enormous tower is suspended a bell that weighs ten and one-half tons and is the second largest in the country. This bell was made in Milwaukee by Gardiner, Campbell & Sons, and the city is proud of it as an example of what can be done at home in first-class manufacturing work. Milwaukee has become in recent years a great manufacturing center, and its influence as such is constantly extending throughout the Northwest. Its wares, machinery and utensils have an excellent reputation for thoroughness of make and good, reliable quality, and its manufacturers and merchants are genial, honorable and enterprising business men.



THE CITY HALL, MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Courtesy of publishers "Milwaukee Guide.")

ALONG THE LINES OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Perhaps no railway enterprise in the country more fully illustrates modern progress in railway building and railroad equipment than the vast system that is operated by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. With 6,151 miles of thoroughly equipped roads in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South and North Dakota, Missouri and the Peninsula of Michigan, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway system traverses States that are as famous for their productive capacities as they are for their strangely diversified physical features and the exceeding attractiveness of their lakes, rivers and forests. If you will take a C., M. & St. P. map and glance at the territory which it covers, you will see that a great empire lies embraced within its iron coils. No two States are quite alike. From old Missouri to Minnesota and Wisconsin is a long step—a step that takes one from sweltering heat to summer comfort on the shores of lovely lakes or beneath the foliage of cooling woodlands. There is a similar contrast between Chicago and the mighty open plains and golden wheat-fields of North Dakota. You board a train and, lo! in a brief lapse of time you are away from smokestacks and brick walls and out where the air is free and all nature still fresh from the hand of God. And it isn't necessary to use a dozen railway lines in order to accomplish such a feat; it is all done via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

This article does not contemplate a review of the entire system operated by this company, however, but rather of that very important portion of it which lies between St. Paul and Minneapolis and the cities of Milwaukee and Chicago. For a distance of 420 miles the road between St. Paul and Chicago runs almost in a straight line, the only considerable curve being at Milwaukee. These 420 miles of trackage can hardly be surpassed in any country. Every section is well ballasted, and every mile of track is in perfect condition. The bridges are made of steel, and the celebrated block signal system is operated for the safety of passengers on every mile between Minnesota's capital and Chicago. Block signals have reduced the chances for collisions to the minimum by maintaining absolute intervals between trains; and there is no other railway that runs between the Twin Cities and the great metropolis on Lake Michigan which uses the block signal system from one end of its line to the other end. The traveling public always take note of these things. People insist on having speed and safety; and they know that the greatest safety

is always associated with the road that is best equipped and best managed.

Over this perfect roadbed flies some of the finest trains on the American continent. Powerful locomotives are used, and five magnificent passenger trains are operated daily between St. Paul and the lake city. These trains are electric lighted, have steam heat, and are provided with the most modern equipments throughout. Vestibuled, and carrying the latest improved private compartment cars, library buffet smoking-cars and palace drawing-room sleepers, with parlor cars, free reclining chair-cars and unexcelled dining-car service, traveling is shorn of all its discomforts and is a luxury in fact. Equally well equipped trains leave the Twin Cities daily for Kansas City and St. Louis. Travel between the cities named, especially from Minnesota to Milwaukee and Chicago, is very heavy, and it is not at all strange that these elegant trains of the C., M. & St. P. get the most of it. It has become the popular Chicago route. It is peculiarly popular with the feminine portion of humanity. Why? Simply because they can enter one of those lovely compartment cars and be as much at home as though they were in their own boudoirs. Electric berth reading-lamps are provided, toilet facilities are thoughtfully supplied, and ice water and hot water are conveniently at hand. Everything is neat. The car is costly,



A SCENE IN A C., M. & ST. P. DINING-CAR.

its wood-work artistic, the upholstery rich and tasteful, and each compartment is furnished with shades, pretty silk curtains, a cozy chair, and other delights of the heart feminine. It is like journeying in one's own private car. No wonder the old Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is popular! It is the fast mail route, you know, and its coaches are palaces on wheels. Add to this the further fact that these comfortable cars belong—one and all—to the company itself, and not to some independent concern, and you will begin to know why the general service never deteriorates—why conductors, brakemen, porters and waiters are always courteous and attentive, and why, having once traveled via this line, you will never wish to take any other.

Then, too, suppose you wish to take a pleasure trip—away from Chicago—away from Milwaukee—away from the beautiful Twin Cities themselves. Just look over the country traversed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and see where its swift-rolling trains will carry you. Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa are full of lovely resorts—some of them "fashionable," some of them thoroughly restful and strength-giving. You will go to the first if you seek society and weariness, but you will search out these other places if you



A SECTION IN A PALACE SLEEPING-CAR ON THE C., M. & ST. P.

care for real pleasure and for rest and recreation. In Iowa are Clear Lake, Spirit Lake, Lakes Okoboji, and the waters in the vicinity of Lansing. In Wisconsin may be found any number of beautiful lakes and woods, where boating, fishing, camping and hunting are at their best. Go to Minocqua and Star lakes, in Northern Wisconsin; or to Tomahawk, Beulah, Tug, Bass, Trout, Spider, Silver, Muskellunge, White Sand and Boulder lakes. Rare fishing may be had at any of these lakes, and the surroundings are inviting. Of Minnesota it is almost useless to speak. Everyone knows that it is the greatest lake State in America. Whether you live East or West, North or South, the probabilities are that you have often dreamt of one day taking a spin to Minnesota—just to catch a string of black bass or to knock over a few wild deer. The C., M. & St. P. can accommodate everybody. It will bring you from the East or from the South, and from the West, too, and it will give you your choice of a hundred charming lakes, rivers and resorts, any one of which would drive dull care to the dogs and inspire the weariest soul with new life and energy. There is Lake Minnetonka, one of the finest, coolest and most fashionable resorts in the country, with first-class hotels, rowboats, sail-boats, steamers, excellent fishing, and within a few minutes' ride of Minneapolis; there is White Bear Lake, ten miles from St. Paul, not to mention sixty other beautiful lakes within a radius of twenty miles. Boats, steamers, hotels and good fishing are found on many of these lakes, and where there are no hotels one will find ample accommodations at private homes. An hour's ride from St. Paul are the famous Dalles of the St. Croix, at Taylor's Falls, on the border of Wisconsin. About thirty miles from Hastings, Minn., is another resort, called Prior Lake. A run to Duluth and Lake Superior would take about five hours. South Dakota also has some fine lake resorts, notably Big Stone Lake at Big Stone City, and Lake Madison, at Madison.

Even this hurried review will enable readers to see that the main lines and branches of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will carry them quickly to the choicest summer and winter locations in the whole Northwest; for all these popular resorts and fishing, camping and hunting-grounds are reached via the line named. If fuller instructions are needed, it is suggested that the parties interested apply direct to General Passenger Agent Geo. H. Heaford, at Chicago, or to Assistant General Passenger Agent J. T. Conley at St. Paul, Minn.



AN EASY CHAIR IN A C., M. & ST. P. LIBRARY BUFFET SMOKING-CAR.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The Edward P. Allis Company of Milwaukee, Wis.

The first thing that impresses the reviewer of the great Reliance Works of the Edward P. Allis Company of Milwaukee, Wis., is the reposeful strength that is everywhere in evidence. It is the strength and dignity of conscious power—the confidence of an athlete to cope with any rival and to maintain the standard of his own reputation. Fact takes the place of pretension. Not a word is said in all the company's catalogues, nor in any of the managerial departments of the great works, that is derogatory to other manufacturers or even self-laudatory. The vast business enterprises of this company are too well established to require such superficial aid. The Edward P. Allis Company is known world-wide. Its reputation is like that of gold—current wherever trade, commerce and industry prevail.

Founded in 1860, the business has been so well managed that the plant now occupies a total street frontage of 1,400 feet. The area of the grounds is twenty-four acres, while the actual floor space within buildings is equal to seventeen acres. Five city blocks are covered. The average number of men employed is 1,500, the average monthly pay-roll being \$75,000—a matter of \$900,000 per annum. It is understood that the approximate value of the company's manufactured products is three million dollars a year, and that the average carload shipments and receipts amount in the aggregate to 8,000 carloads per annum. The average monthly output in castings is 3,300,000 pounds, or 1,650 tons.

For thirty-seven years this powerful company has been forging its way to the forefront of American manufacturing interests. Its present gigantic magnitude is not, therefore, the growth of a summer's day; it is a development due rather to sound executive ability and to the unquestioned merit of its manufactures. Within these years the company has scored many notable successes in the world of mechanical engineering. Its leading position in its special lines is established by the fact that it has built the largest stationary steam plant and the largest pumping engine in the world; by first introducing in this country the triple-expansion stationary engine, the quadruple expansion stationary engine, and the triple expansion pumping engines for water-works; by building the largest flour-mill in the world and by first introducing the roller process of flour-making in American mills; by building

and equipping a vast majority of the largest and best flour-mills in this country and by putting up the first practical band saw-mill. Whether it be for flour-mill machinery and supplies or for saw-mill machinery, mining machinery or ice-manufacturing machinery, The Edward P. Allis Company holds a leading position.

In just what line of work the company is best known it would be difficult to state. To hear of the erection of a new flour-mill in any part of the Great Northwest, at least, is to hear of The Edward P. Allis Company; for it is this company that almost invariably equips these mills from top to bottom. It is the same with saw-mill enterprises; The Edward P. Allis Company does the equipment work. Go into the Rainy River, Lake of the Woods and Ontario gold-fields in Minnesota and in the Province of Ontario, Canada; go to British Columbia and visit the famous Trail Creek, the Slocan and the Nelson districts in the Kootenai Country; pass over into Washington, Idaho and Oregon and down to the rich mineral fields of Montana, and one will still hear of this same far-reaching company; for its ore-crushing, sizing and concentrating machinery and its stamp, chlorination and cyanide mills, together with its Leyner drills, air compressors and receivers—machinery either made or sold by the company—are in use everywhere and in constantly increasing demand.

During the past nineteen years this company has manufactured and sold over 3,500 Corliss engines, among them some of the most notable examples of steam engineering in Amer-

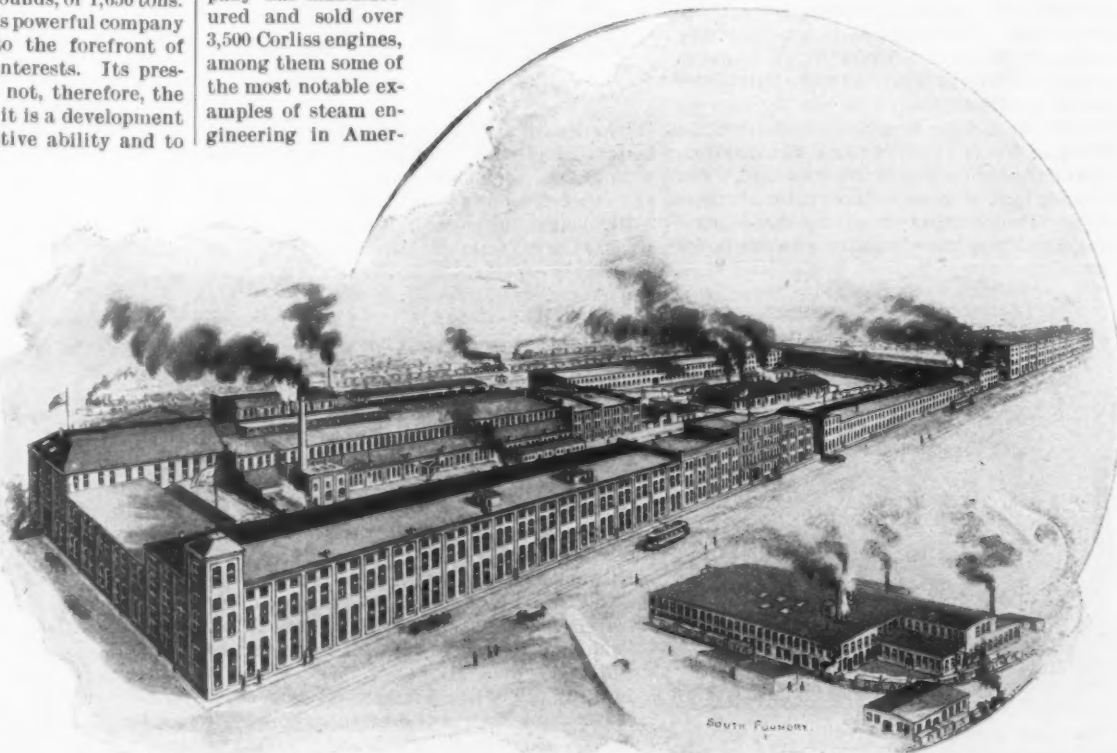
ica. In point of design, material and economy these engines are said to be unequaled, and they are made for all kinds of work. The company builds and sells these Reynold-Corliss engines, pumping engines, blowing engines, hoisting engines and complete steam plants; mining, milling and smelting machinery; and shafting, gearing, pulleys, hangings, hoists, pumps, boilers, belting, fixtures, etc.

This immense business is divided into divisions or departments. While the entire business is under single executive control so far as the auditing and financing are concerned, each department or branch is treated as a separate business and is under a management of its own. Every one of these departments has its own catalogue, too, the whole vast business being so conducted that it is simplicity itself. If a customer wishes to purchase machinery made by the company, for instance, he goes to that branch of the huge plant where he is enabled to consult the highest authority upon that particular branch of business, or he will have sent to him a special catalogue on this subject.

Branch offices of the company are located at New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Denver, Butte, City of Mexico, and in Sidney, New South Wales; so that its agents are everywhere present to represent the company's interests and to still further advance the name and fame of American-made machinery.

A New High-Speed Brake.

We are in receipt of a little volume from The Westinghouse Air Brake Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., which contains some very interesting information respecting the Westinghouse high-speed brake. This brake has been designed to meet the exceptional requirements of trains that are scheduled to run at much higher average rates of speed than have heretofore prevailed in the passenger-train service. A simple and reliable brake for such trains has long been needed, and the railway world will be glad to learn that this new Westinghouse brake will stop passenger trains in emergencies in about thirty per cent less distance than the



THE GREAT "RELIANCE WORKS" OF THE EDWARD P. ALLIS COMPANY AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

best brakes used up to this time. The brake apparatus is the standard Westinghouse "Quick Action" with a pressure-regulating attachment. The addition of pressure-regulating devices to the existing quick-action brake fixtures for both locomotives and cars is all that is required to convert them into high-speed brakes. The superior stopping capacity is obtained by increasing the standard air pressure of seventy pounds to about 110 pounds. As the new attachments can be added to the quick-action brake apparatus already in use on passenger cars that are provided with standard brake gear, it will doubtless commend itself readily to the railway public.

A Growing Industry.

Within a period of five years an industry has been developed in St. Paul which is now so prosperous that it may well attain to large proportions in the near future. Reference is had to the business of the Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli Company, manufacturers of macaroni and all fine Italian pastes. From the very first, the goods made by this company have been popular. Grocers of St. Paul and the Northwest gave them a trial, found them of first-class quality, and have used them in increasing quantities ever since.

Now that the company has removed its factory to No. 11 East Third Street, where it has better quarters and increased facilities, it may be expected to show greater progress than ever. The proprietors will take care that their goods shall be the very best, and that their prices shall be as low as any that can be made for first-class products. Quality will always be their first consideration. They will continue to use the best Minnesota patent flour and farina, and thus turn out goods that are far superior to any other domestic or imported pastes offered. Their "White Cross" farina, put up in pound packages, is made from the best Minnesota No. 1 hard wheat and is guaranteed to be superior to any other brands. The same farina is also used in making the firm's "Royal Brand" of macaroni and spaghetti.

Strictly Northwestern Shirts.

The difference between an ill-fitting and a well-fitting garment is illustrated to the best possible advantage by the accompanying cuts. The first cut shows the style of negligee shirts which are turned out by the average shirt factories. The garment is wrinkled and looks out of shape generally. The collar turns up, too. It is creased, and presents a very untidy and undressy appearance.

Now look at the other cut. This shows the perfect-fitting garments that are made in the



THE GREAT WHOLESALE DRY-GOODS HOUSE OF FINCH, VAN SLYCK, YOUNG & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

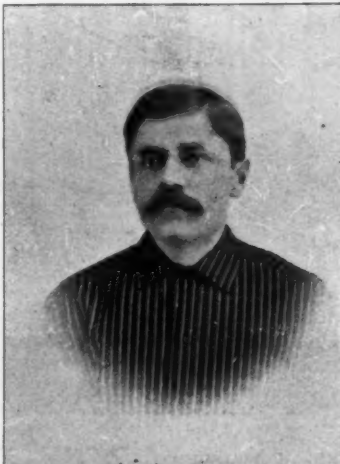
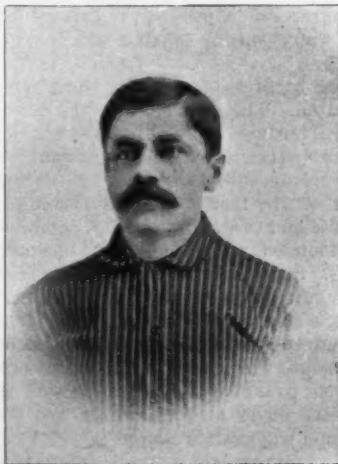
shirt factory of Finch, Van Slyck, Young & Company, of St. Paul, whose great wholesale dry-goods house extends from Fourth to Fifth streets on Sibley Street. These shirts are all made with the now famous "Forest Patent Shirt Collar," used exclusively in the Northwest by Finch, Van Slyck, Young & Company. By a very simple device—as cheap and durable as it is simple, the collars on all the shirts manufactured in this factory are made to lie

perfectly flat and smooth. Every shirt has an appearance of elegance and can be worn with comfort and satisfaction. It is no wonder that Finch, Van Slyck, Young & Company have trebled their sales of shirts since they began to introduce these Forest patent collars.

Dealers would find it exceedingly interesting to visit the factory of this big St. Paul house. It is on the fourth floor, and extends from block to block. There are never fewer than 250 to 300 operatives. Each department is subject to perfect system. There is a great rush of business there, but not one bit of confusion. One department does the designing and the cutting of garments, while other departments attend to the manufacturing proper. The company makes laundried shirts, all kinds and grades of negligee shirts, and pants, overalls, lumbermen's underwear, lumbermen's coats, pants, vests, etc., and pretty nearly everything else in the line of gentlemen's furnishing goods, except neckties and scarfs. The one great specialty, however, is "The Forest Patent Shirt," the most popular garment now on the market.

Fur Prospects for 1897-98.

O. E. Albrecht, of the popular Fur House of E. Albrecht & Son, 20 East 7th St., has just returned from the East and reports that trade in general is in an improved condition and that



prospects in the fur line particularly are very flourishing. The low prices that prevailed on most articles at the London sales in the spring are lost sight of, and many articles are already in large demand. Messrs. Albrecht & Son, being wide awake and having foreseen this condition, have made extensive purchases in the East and from the leading European fur markets, and will be prepared to show the largest line of fine furs yet displayed in the West. Their large factory has been running all summer at full force, which argues well for the fur business in St. Paul and for a magnificent winter display by this old house. Many of the productions seen are of their own design, while others are exact reproductions of Parisian models and comprise all the popular furs, such as seal, sable, stone marten, Persian lamb, ermine, otter, black marten, electric seal, astrachan, etc. The firm is now issuing its new catalogue and price-list, which will be a work of art—the most comprehensive catalogue issued in this line. A copy will be mailed free of charge upon application to the firm.

A Model Establishment.

Within the body of every American or European city are to be found immense establishments which partake of all the requisites of smaller communities or towns. They possess populations varying from hundreds to thousands; various mercantile stores or departments; officials and laws to govern the people; systems of credits between employer and employee, etc. They are known by various names, but in the United States they are called "department" stores.

New York probably leads the van with a half-dozen department stores, Chicago coming second with as many more, almost as extensive, while Philadelphia has one that is the father of the rest, unless it be the old A. T. Stewart establishment now conducted by the same promoter of low prices, John Wanamaker. In the Northwest, St. Paul has some large establishments and Minneapolis numbers several also; but one of the very greatest establishments in

the country is located in Minneapolis. It is the establishment of S. E. Olson Company, and it is known as the "Twin Cities' Great Bargain Center," or the "Big Store."

Every visitor to Minneapolis and St. Paul considers the trip incomplete without visiting the "Big Store." Throughout the Northwest its name is a household word and its methods of doing business have been copied by many progressive merchants who have had the opportunity of gaining an insight into the wonderful system which not only advances the interests of the management but stands by the people in low-price giving and renders it possible for the most lowly to secure bargains in household necessities and wearables at rates proportionate to their incomes.

In the forefront of Northwestern business men stands the head of this wonderful establishment—General S. E. Olson. He has built up this great business entirely through individual effort. He has literally created an enterprise, notwithstanding strenuous competition, until he is now able to vie with any similar house in the Union. He has done a great work, and his name will stand for enterprise and good management wherever it is known. As a man, he has studied men; as a merchant he has commanded the chess-board of commerce, and as a public citizen he has builded for the public.

The "Big Store" is conducted on the principle that, as prosperity comes from the people, so should the benefit be returned to them by the merchant. The people will stand by and support an establishment if they realize that their interests are considered by the management. It is knowledge of this fact that has contributed more than any other cause to the success of the "Big Store." Every citizen is a patron, and every patron is a friend.

Beneath the roof of this wonderful emporium are located sixty different stores, each complete in every way. Full stocks are carried in all lines; and, because of this fact, prices can be made lower than by houses that carry only one or two lines. The great purchases made by S.

E. Olson Company demand low prices for cash, and then it is simple arithmetic to prove it possible to sell goods at lower prices in the "Big Store" than in any other store of less magnitude in the whole Northwest. The people have discovered this fact. They come in masses to the S. E. Olson store whenever special sales are advertised and special bargains are offered, because they know that the offerings are bona-fide and that they will receive the benefits promised. Even when special sales are not advertised, there are thousands of visitors to the "Big Store" each day in search of commodities which are always on sale there at such astonishingly low prices.

Buying in immense lots, paying cash for all purchases, turning over the merchandise quickly at small profits and allowing no stocks to accumulate, is the method. It is true that it takes a large amount of cash and that high-salaried men must be employed, but "the system" is what has made the "Big Store" and given the people an opportunity of securing the comforts of life at the smallest possible cost.

During the coming carnival in Minneapolis there will probably be thousands of people from all parts of the United States, but more particularly from the Northwest, who will visit the "Big Store" and perhaps make it their headquarters during their stay in the city. The conveniences of this most modern establishment will all be placed at the disposal of the public. It is very gratifying to be able to step into a store that is provided with all modern conveniences and feel entirely at home—at perfect liberty to use the rooms and furniture as if one were in his own home.

Mr. Olson is exceedingly liberal in his views; his general reputation is that of being one of the broadest-minded men in the city of Minneapolis. He talked freely to a representative of this magazine, his method of handling subjects evincing wonderful resources of intellect. The following is an excerpt of his remarks:

"The agitation in and out of the Legislature at the last session against the large department stores, and the attempt to secure some legislation which would deter them from selling goods at the minimum margin of profit, ended, as such attempts generally do, in failure. This agitation had the effect, however, of calling the attention of the public, and particularly of the hard-pushed workingmen and their wives, to the great advantages which are reaped by the purchasers at such an institution as the 'Big Store.' It was a singular fact, too, that where these agitators expected their help, they were most strongly opposed. The working people realized that their so-called friend was simply seeking to make them buy at the old extortionate prices. The people are too intelligent and too well-posted nowadays to be 'worked' by the demagogue who is out entirely to advance his own interests or, possibly, is looking for somebody who is willing to pay a sum to shut up his mouth.

"The progress of the 'Big Store' continues unabated. The advance is in the direction of general business increase, as well as the perfection of system, all of which take rank with the most advanced institutions in the first-class cities of the land. All this is due to a high purpose and to staying quality, combined with well-founded and deeply-laid business principles. Success in catering to all classes of a community requires the largest opportunities and the most careful management. The highest and the most humble find the same frank and honest treatment at the 'Big Store.' We are able to sell to the largest as well as to the smallest buyer at prices often less than the common wholesalers charge.

"No improvement or up-to-date invention to



"THE BIG STORE," MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. S. E. OLSON CO.

facilitate the rapid and correct transaction of the great volume of business that centers in the 'Big Store' has been neglected or ignored. The latest step in this direction is the installation of a large refrigerator plant of a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet. It is in the basement of the store and it cost \$3,000. It will be used in part for storage of furs and similar goods during the summer. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the Northwest. A large room has also been set aside for the preservation of the perishable goods in the grocery department, and a third is for fresh meats, oysters, fish, etc.

"It is a singular fact that the public never grows tired of watching the operation of our cash service. It has been one of the most attractive novelties, and has paid for itself as a feature; although it cost us \$12,000 and is the most perfect system that has ever been devised.

"The public is learning more and more of the advantage of purchasing all their goods under one roof. The 'Big Store' seeks to have every convenience that can be named, and these include a lunch department and soda fountains for those who are hungry or thirsty during their shopping. The reception rooms are comfortable waiting places, and a photograph gallery is at hand to take pictures of those who want to send remembrances to friends.

"The outlook for the future, as was indicated before, is bright. The farmers are preparing to buy liberally, and our buyers are about to start for the East to take advantage of the low prices before the tariff bill goes into effect. I am very much encouraged over the fall outlook. The arrival of the Elks is only the first step. Every such excursion brings many to Minneapolis, and they are a great stimulus to trade. The carnival season will soon be here, and with the crops as good as now anticipated there is no telling how high the business thermometer may go. Of this trade our house expects to get its full share, and every preparation is being made with that in view. We have an entertainment bureau which expends thousands of dollars in attractive novelties for our visitors, and 370 lineal feet of show-windows are the talk of the town.

"No city has been more liberally supplied with first-class stores than Minneapolis, and in no city of the size of Minneapolis have the stores been of so uniformly high a character. The removal of our store from the old Nicollet Avenue site to the very business heart of the city has enabled us to keep at the head of the procession, and although that removal occurred when Minneapolis was in the throes of that terrible panic of 1893, we have been expanding every month and every year since.

"To the people of Minneapolis, who have co-operated with us in making this one of the greatest mercantile establishments in the Northwest, I want to return my personal thanks and all those hundreds of our people who, together, make up the personnel of the 'Big Store.'"

Ancient and Modern Wine-Bottles.

When M. deMorgan, the French Egyptologist, discovered last year the ruins of the tombs of the kings of the first dynasty of Egypt, the first vessel he found in the tomb of what is supposed to be the first king, Mena, was an alabaster wine-vase. As the tomb undoubtedly dates 7,000 years B. C., proof is had that in the very dawning of civilization wine was esteemed worthy of the best efforts of man for its preservation. Long before the occurrence of that first-recorded "jag," ascribed by sacred history to Noah, the Ethiopians, whose chief built ancient Abydos for a strong place for his tribe, drank wine from flasks of alabaster—and that in an age when they were certainly limited

to flint and bronze for tools to hollow out their wine-vases. The wine that Noah drank had undoubtedly been kept in a goatskin or sheep-skin bottle made in exactly the same fashion as are those now used by the itinerant wine and water sellers on the Levant and throughout the East generally. These skin bottles have never varied in their construction during all the ages and have never gone out of fashion, for the reason that they occupy less space on the backs of camels or donkeys than bottles of more rigid form would. If the skin bottle is primitive its vinous contents are equally so, for the wine of the East is as badly made and badly kept as that with which old Noah made merry.

Solomon undoubtedly drank wine that would be spurned by the peons of Southern California today; and Mahomet was justified in prohibiting the use of wine to Moslems, for he had, of course, tasted of the stuff contained in the wine-skins of his time, and it had been as good as the Keeley cure for him.

The Greeks, in the zenith of their glory were great drinkers of light wines, and the vines of Thessaly were so esteemed in those days, and such care had been given to the cultivation of the grape, that wine was easily held as among the first gifts of the gods to humanity. The Greeks kept their wines in alabaster, and even in marble, tanks and vases, and were very careful as to the sealing and keeping of them.

Ancient Roman wine-bottles, or amphoræ, were made of alabaster or carefully-made pottery, and almost absurd values were placed on wines of certain vintages and seals. The amphoræ were all sealed, and the date of the vintage was placed on the seal, extreme penalties being inflicted for putting inferior wines under famous seals. This Roman usage was the foundation of the modern custom of wine-buying and wine-selling by brands, though the modern blown bottle and the manner of handling wine makes it much superior to any drank by the ancients. The Roman custom of protecting brands should be enforced rigorously today; but it is not, and it is therefore necessary for the consumer to buy both wines and liquors from only such houses as give an absolute guarantee of the purity and soundness of their goods. A person anywhere in the Northwest may be quite certain of the purity of the whiskies or wines he buys of the California Wine House of St. Paul, for an absolute guarantee goes with each package sent out. The California Wine House is the largest importer of and dealer in wines and liquors in this part of the country, and its cellars are famous. The vast amount of business done by the house permits the making of prices that cannot possibly be met. If you require pure wines, whiskies, brandies, gin, rum, cordials or other liquors for family or for medicinal use, write the California Wine House, St. Paul, Minn., for a price-list and such other information as you may desire.

Builders of Fine Boats.

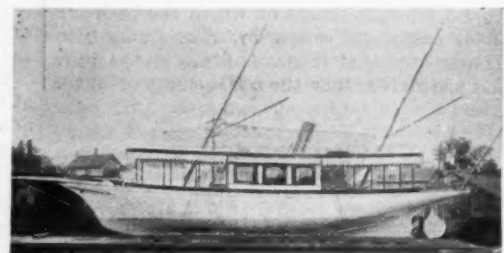
The boating season of 1897 is remarkable for the large number of fine boats that sail the waters of the Northwest. Interest in boating and yachting has revived greatly in all Northwestern States, notably in Minnesota and Wisconsin. This is due largely, doubtless, to the fact that some of the most expert boat builders in this country are so conveniently located in the States named. The Racine Yacht and Boat Works at Ra-

cine, Wis., has a national reputation. The company has designed and built many of the prettiest and most famous racing yachts and boats in America. Steam, gas, vapor and electric launches are made, racing yachts of modern design are built, rowboats, hunting-boats, shells, gigs, etc., are constructed, the very best in half and one-raters are turned out, and the company makes a great specialty of sail-boats and racing and cruising canoes.

Among the fine boats designed and built recently by the Racine Yacht and Boat Works is the Tzin, a yacht built for W. E. Haseltine, secretary of the Green Lake Yacht Club of Dartford, Wis. Its length over all is twenty-seven feet seven inches. She is one of a number of twenty-footers and fifteen-footers built by the company last winter. The company has just finished a fine mahogany one-rater for the international races at Montreal, Canada, besides putting four new half and one-raters on Pewaukee Lake, Wis., two for Lake Champlain, N. Y., and a number of other high-class boats for the numerous lakes in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other large Western and Northwestern cities make heavy demands upon the Racine Yacht and Boat Works. The canoe department of the company has been taxed to its full capacity this season, it having furnished a goodly number for Mississippi River points. In buying a boat, whether it be a yacht, steam launch, or a canoe, it is well to buy it of reputable builders, such as the company named in this article. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by allowing a poorly-built boat to leave their yards—a thing, by the way, which is never permitted to happen. The address of this company is Station A, Racine Junction, Wis.

Wisconsin's Medical and Surgical Institutions.

The great success that has attended the Milwaukee Medical College since its establishment three years ago bids fair to make that city a medical center in the broadest sense. At the beginning it was thought that the college accommodations would be ample for at least ten years, but they have already been found wholly inadequate and the board of directors are now employed in erecting a magnificent new building, which, when completed, will have a capacity for 500 students. This building will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the college year. It will probably be the most modern and complete medical college in the West. Six stories high and covering 11,900 square feet of space, it is perfectly equipped in every respect. Its three large amphitheatres are well lighted



ALCO VAPOR LAUNCH.



COMBINATION HUNTING-BOAT.



HUNTING-BOAT.

Built by the Racine Yacht and Boat Works.

and ventilated, and so placed and arranged that instruction may be given in all of them at the same time without their interfering in any way with one another. The laboratories—clinical, bacteriological, pathological, physiological, biological, anatomical, mechanical and experimental—are all large and fully equipped with every desirable convenience and appliance.

Adjoining the college building and under the same roof will be the New Trinity Hospital. Owned by the college, this hospital will afford students the best possible opportunities for the clinical study of medicine and surgery. The teaching force of this college is made up of men who are eminent in their respective specialties, and the board of trustees comprises some of the leading men in Wisconsin. It is noteworthy that the third course of lectures opened with 225 students and ended with fifty-nine graduates. The graded courses are of three and four years' duration, and the college proper includes a School of Dentistry.

The fourth annual session of the Milwaukee Medical College and School of Dentistry will begin Sept. 21 and continue twenty-eight weeks. There is every prospect that the attendance will be large and that the college will continue to add to its great popularity.

Modern Camp Furniture and Folding Bath-Tubs.

Appliances for human health and comfort are multiplying so rapidly in these days, that one is never surprised to learn that something newer and better has taken the place of what was once considered good enough. It is this way with bath-tubs. There is a company in Racine, Wis., called The Gold Medal Camp Furniture & Novelty Manufacturing Company, that has a great reputation for its folding bath-tubs—which can be carried anywhere and be used at any time and under all circumstances. These tubs have now been on the market about one year, and they give universal satisfaction. They are, of course, of different sizes. The adult size will be seen in the company's advertisement, which appears elsewhere in this magazine, while a cut of the infant size accompanies this article.

The covers of these tubs consist of very heavy closely-woven duck, coated with India rubber and then vulcanized, the result being a smooth surface which is easily cleaned and not liable to injury from salt, sulphur, or medicated waters. A single piece of duck is used for each bath-tub, so that there are no cuts or seams anywhere in the cover. The manufacturers of these tubs are guaranteeing the quality of the material, and assert that it will last a generation. The frame is of hardwood, rock-elm, and the construction involves the use of patented metal joints by means of which the bath-tub folds easily and compactly. The frame is so constructed that it stands firmly on the floor, no matter whether the tub is empty or filled.



GOLD MEDAL INFANT BATH-TUB.



GOLD MEDAL FOLDING CAMP-BED.

Made by Gold Medal Camp Furniture & Novelty Mfg. Co.

When folded, these tubs are five feet long and five inches square, and weigh sixteen pounds.

For children a small size is made, as will be noticed, and the tub is suspended at a convenient distance from the floor. Folded, it is thirty-six inches long and three inches square. The retail price is \$5. These tubs have no separate parts and do not depend on chairs or benches for support; they stand firmly on the floor, and there is absolutely no danger of their tipping over or spilling a drop of water.

This same company manufactures a line of folding furniture. Their camp-bed is a marvel of constructive skill. Thousands of them are exported annually to all parts of the world. The company also manufactures a full line of folding-chairs, stools, settees, and many other articles that prove wonderfully convenient, attractive and comfortable to all who use them. A catalogue will be sent free to any person, on application.

Improved Commercial College Systems.

A visit to any first-class commercial college furnishes satisfactory evidence that the young men and women of the present day appreciate their advantages, for nearly all of them are well attended. Instruction at these schools has reached a high degree of efficiency. No reference is had to the cheap catch-penny "colleges," of course; what is said applies only to thoroughly high-grade commercial colleges, such as the Globe Business College, of St. Paul. When Prof. F. A. Maron founded this school twelve years ago, he little knew how well he was building. Today he has college rooms that can accommodate 300 pupils, and these beautiful rooms are well filled the year round.

The Globe Business College is in the Endicott Arcade Block on Fourth Street, just below the corner of Fourth and Robert streets. Hardly a line of business can be named that is not taught, studied and practiced there. Among the more important branches taught, and for which this college is especially famed, are book-keeping, stenography, telegraphy, typewriting, penmanship, common English branches, commercial law, civil government, and the German language. A separate room is devoted to telegraphy. It is provided with a regular circuit and with a large number of regular instruments. It is a telegraph office complete. Adjoining this department is the typewriting room. It is filled with a score or more of the best typewriting instruments manufactured, and pupils are so instructed in all kinds of work that they become rapid and efficient operators in a short time. The business course is so thorough that graduates are at once competent to enter upon any vocation they may select. All is intensely practical. Banking, bookkeeping, the commission business and all other lines are taught just as they are conducted in reality.

The school never closes, and pupils can enter at any time. Board can be earned, if so desired, and the principal will do everything in his power to assist students to positions upon graduation. The fall term will begin on the first Tuesday in September.

The Coming Minnesota State Fair.

The State Fair will be held in Hamline, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, commencing on Monday, Sept. 6, and ending on Saturday, Sept. 11. The great practical value of these annual exhibitions can hardly be overestimated. As object lessons upon the vast and varied resources of the State, as well as upon the intelligence, enterprise and public spirit of its people, they are of inestimable value.

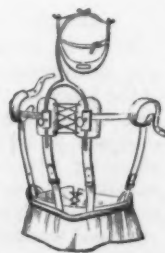
The premium list has been revised with a generous hand, and the offers made are more liberal and comprehensive than any yet an-

nounced by the society. The large amounts offered for horses in other years are repeated, with additional classes and prizes for harness and saddle-horses. Additional classes have also been opened for cattle, increasing the competition among breeders and the general interest in the department. The usual large offers are made for sheep, swine and poultry, with some additions. The exhibit of live stock will be comprehensive, affording an opportunity to inspect, compare and study the characteristics of the various breeds of all the domestic animals. The amount offered for creamery butter has been increased from \$140 to \$250, while other liberal offers of a year ago in the dairy department are repeated. Premiums for farm and orchard products are also increased, thus giving a new impetus to the exhibition of dairy, agricultural and horticultural products. The machinery, honey, forestry and mineral exhibits will each be given greater prominence than in the past. The woman's department will be made unusually attractive, and the main building will be filled with a wonderful profusion of miscellaneous displays. It is worthy of notice that \$1,200 is offered for county exhibits this year, instead of the \$500 offered last year. Additional prominence is given to this feature in order to individualize and give special prominence to the products of the different localities.

No pains will be spared in the arrangement of the amusement programme. There will be sensational trotting, pacing and running-races; band concerts, and new and startling special attractions. Monday will be Labor Day, Tuesday Minneapolis Day, Wednesday Minnesota Territorial and State Day, Thursday St. Paul Day, Friday Farmers' Day and Saturday Bicycle Day. There will be brilliant carnival events in the Twin Cities each evening, and railways will offer the usual reduced rates.

Recent Advances in Artificial Limbs.

The manufacture of artificial limbs is now reduced to a science. Deformities and deficiencies of the human body are remedied and supplied so that but trifling inconvenience is experienced by the unfortunate. It is interesting to look through the catalogue of a first-class house, like the Doerflinger Artificial Limb Company of Milwaukee, Wis., and note what human ingenuity has done to relieve human misery. This company is named, for the reason that it is noted for its reliability and the excellent quality of its manufactured products. Its artificial legs, arms and hands are marvels of perfection. It makes apparatus for the stiffening of knee-joints; for hip diseases and for paralysis; for bow-legs and knock-knees; for cervical curvature, wry necks, spinal curvature, etc. Special attention is directed to a full line of laced shoulder braces of every description, for both sexes, and to silk elastic



ARTIFICIAL APPLIANCES MADE BY THE DOERFLINGER ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.

stockings for varicose veins, as well as to all kinds of elastic goods.

President Doerflinger lost a leg during the War of the Rebellion; so he knows just what is required of an artificial limb. He does not claim that his company makes the only good artificial limbs, etc., in the world, but he does very modestly insist that it uses the best material that can be supplied, does all its work with thoughtful consideration, employs the most skillful workmen at its command, and does the best that can be done at all times and with all its patrons. It is safe to deal with such a company, and it will pay all interested persons to send for a catalogue and thus learn what can be done for them. The address is 452 East Water Street, Milwaukee.

A Straw-Burning Engine.

Dealers and consumers will alike be interested in knowing that The Huber Manufacturing Company, 414 and 416 First Street North, Minneapolis, is putting out this season a twenty-horse-power straw-burning engine which is made especially to meet the popular demand for an engine that will stand the heavy and hard work required in the Northwest. It is a model engine in every respect, one that cannot fail to give universal satisfaction.

An Improved Jar Ring.

The Goodyear Rubber Company, 98 to 102 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, is manufacturing a superior quality of fruit-or-milk-jar rings. The quality of jar rings has been so poor and defective that much fruit has been spoiled by them. The "Gold Seal" jar ring is made of pure rubber and is not affected by acids. If anyone wants these rings and cannot get them of local dealers, the manufacturers will send them by mail on receipt of the price—ten cents a dozen.

TERRIBLE HEAT IN ALASKA.

A. P. Swineford, ex-governor of Alaska and at present Government inspector of surveyors' general and district land offices in that country, has been telling the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* something about the peculiarities of that distant region. While in St. Paul recently, when the thermometer ranged at will among the nineties, he was heard to say:

"Talk about it being hot here, why, this is cool weather compared to what we get during the Alaskan summer along the valley of the Yukon. The sun swings around there in a circle for three months, just dipping below the horizon part of the time for a night which is from three minutes to three hours long. It is one long day for six weeks, when the sun never sets, and the only night is one conjured up in the imagination. Talk about it being hot! Why, up in the Yukon Valley, in the foothills, the average temperature during the summer is 105 to 120. It never rains, and the heat is pitiless. The atmosphere is dry, however, and one can stand the heat better than in India, say, where the heat is mixed with humidity.

"There is a peculiar thing about the valley of the Yukon and all Southeastern Alaska, in fact. That is the perpetual verdure during the summer months. No matter how hot it is nor how dry,—the rain may not fall from the beginning of June until the close of summer on the last of August,—yet the grass and shrubbery will be as green and luxuriant as it is here now in July. Your verdure this summer, on account of the excessive rainfall, is something like that in the interior of Alaska, dark green and sturdy, full of life, like a healthy, robust man. In Alaska, however, the luxuriance and virility of the verdure is due to the fact that the ground never thaws below a depth of six to ten feet. No mat-

ter how hot it is, the hotter the better, the frozen ground continually gives up to the roots of the grasses and growing grains a life-giving moisture.

"The Yukon Valley is like the valley of the Red River of the North in Minnesota, and some day it will be the finest wheat-growing district in the world. That time will not come, however, until railroads are built into the heart of Alaska, although there are now located along the Yukon many fine farms, the owners disposing of their crops to the hundreds of adventurous miners that have gone to the Yukon Valley to dig fortunes in gold from the richer placer mines that stretch along the tributaries of that mighty stream. I say adventurous, alluding to the placer miners of the Yukon, and in using that term I do so advisedly. Although the mines are rich and easily worked, it costs a small fortune to get there in condition to mine, and it costs lots of money to live and to transport the gold-dust to a market. The average young man who makes up his mind to strike for the Yukon gold-fields imagines that his journey is ended when he reaches Juneau—that he has but to step across the country and he is at the Yukon. He will find, however, that he is greatly mistaken. On arriving at Juneau he will have to get an outfit that will cost him \$500 to \$600, and then he will have to cross a wild, mountainous country along Indian trails. He will have to cross four large lakes and make three portages before he reaches the Yukon River. Arrived there, however, it is comparatively easy sailing until he comes to a likely tributary, up which he will have to work to a placer-field.

"At this time of the year the heat is something awful in the valleys of those little tributaries, and the miner is compelled to wear a closely-woven mosquito netting over his face, and gloves on his hands, to keep from being blinded by the mosquitoes and black flies, which swarm in countless numbers in the valleys. So bad are they that the sleeves at the wrists and the trousers at the ankles must be tied tightly or the little pests will crawl inside. Their sting seems to be more venomous than that of the mosquito and black fly here. It is impossible to keep domestic animals in the valleys; the flies will blind them in a day. All the wild animals, the reindeer, elk, etc., remain on the mountains during the summer.

"But in spite of all these difficulties the placer miners dig out enough gold in two or three summers to make them independent of want for the rest of their lives. The trouble with most of them is, that after having suffered the heat of summer and the extreme cold of winter until they have accumulated \$5,000, \$10,000 or \$20,000, they come to civilization and spend their money in carousing and gambling until, in a few weeks, it is all gone."

PERPETUATING THE FORESTS.

The Oregon City Pulp Company, of Oregon City, Ore., has adopted an original and wise method of forest preservation. Much of the pulp used is manufactured from balm-trees, which grow in profusion in the vicinity of the plant. The trees are said to have a rapid growth, and the company employs a man to plant trees wherever the soil is good. In this way the firm hopes to have a perpetual supply of balm. This method might be followed with profit by the State and municipal governments of the United States. There is already an alarming scarcity of white pine, and many of the hardwoods, too, are growing scarcer every year.

Forest reserves are all right in their way, observes the *Seattle Lumber Trade Journal*, but

they do not provide for the perpetuation of the forests. They become simply a remnant of the timber exhausted elsewhere, and subject at all times to destruction through public pressure or unwise legislation. Tree planting is the only way to perpetuate the forests. In Europe, where forestry regulations is a science, the process of renewing the forests goes on continually, and penalties are prescribed for wanton waste of timber. For every tree cut down another is planted; and so future generations are benefited by the foresight and wisdom of the present. In some countries the school-children are taught the lessons of forest preservation in the same way that they are taught history and the classics; and in one country, at least, Sweden, a day is set apart, similar to our Arbor Day, when the children of the public schools journey to some spot and plant trees all day long.

This is worthy of emulation in this country. Not enough attention is paid to tree planting. The prairie States are bleak, and cyclones rage, drouth occurs frequently, and climatic conditions are not satisfactory, because of a lack of forests. When forests are found, there is a disregard for the future that is simply criminal, and the slaughter is fearful. The State governments should encourage the planting of trees by the tillers of the soil, and the children should be encouraged in the same direction. One of the best investments a farmer can make is the planting of a grove of walnut, oak or maple-trees on his farm. He may not reap the benefit of his efforts, but his children will, as the grove will bring more in lumber than the entire farm. Laws should be made, especially where timber is scarce, making it a criminal offense to cut down a tree without planting another; and, in districts where timber is plentiful, the owners of the land should be compelled to replace every tree with another. Existing laws regarding the setting of forests on fire should be enforced and malicious destruction of trees punished. If this be done, there will be no need of forest reserves.

THE BRONCO IN JAPAN.

The possibility of finding a Japanese market for the surplus horses ranging over Eastern Oregon seems to be viewed in Japan favorably. W. A. Mears, of this city, says the *Portland Oregonian*, has received a letter from a dealer in Kobe, Japan, making many inquiries in regard to the mustang or bronco stock of horses, and asking what arrangements could be made for shipping a large number of them to his country. The writer was explicit in his statements that a quality of horse corresponding to the bronco was required.

Those who have traveled in Japan state that their horses are much like the people, small, compact, sturdy, and capable of existing on small fare. Japanese apparently have no use for the finer breeds, either those fitted for draft animals, or for riding or driving to light rigs. The vegetation for the brute creation is severely competed for by the crowded human race, and horses, like other animals of the lower order, must depend on scant feed.

The horse of the Eastern Oregon range is known to possess the qualifications for such a life. The herds of cayuse ponies that are to be found in some localities in numbers far beyond any possible local use, are thought by stockmen to be the very grade that the Japanese require. The breed of horses above the cayuse, and ordinarily known as mustangs, or broncos, are also very hardy, and a horse-dealer said recently that, if there were no insurmountable objections in the way of transportation, they would doubtless find ready sale in Japan.



The Globe and Terminal Elevator Company contemplates erecting a steel elevator of 1,000,000 bushels' capacity at Superior.

Plans are being prepared for a new \$15,000 hotel at Edgerton.

The Racine City Council has voted to erect a new \$25,000 schoolhouse.

New school buildings are going up rapidly in this State. Plymouth's will cost \$10,000.

Chas. F. Pfister, of Milwaukee, offers to put \$250,000 in the erection of a modern hotel at Madison, if local parties will put in \$100,000.

Boat-building interests at Racine, LaCrosse and other points in the State are in a very prosperous condition this season. Orders for new craft are heavy.

The American Steel Barge Company is going to construct a big dry-dock at West Superior. It will be about 500 feet long 115 feet wide, and cost \$250,000 to \$300,000.

The large number of thriving manufacturing towns and cities in Wisconsin make that State one of the most productive in the Union. Wisconsin is a good State to live in.

Minnesota.

Elmore will build an \$8,000 schoolhouse.

Tracy will soon have a new \$12,000 bank building.

Atwood & White will erect a 100-barrel flour-mill at Alexandria.

Red Lake Falls is to have a new \$15,000 stone and brick business block.

Plans are preparing for a brick school building to cost \$8,000 at Richmond.

Fairmont parties are putting up a new store building. It will cost about \$6,000.

Zumbrota has voted to erect a school building to cost, exclusive of furnishings, \$20,000.

Capitalists from Cokato, Minn., have arranged to erect a brick building and open a bank in Watkins.

Little Falls, already a big milling center, is to have another flour-mill. Its capacity will be 150 barrels per day.

Zumbrota's new schoolhouse will cost \$25,000. Brandon has also voted a new one, the cost of building which will be \$5,000.

The Minnesota Iron Company has placed a total of 1,800,000 tons of ore for this season's delivery and expects to sell from 200,000 to 300,000 tons more.

St. Cloud's new opera-house is now an assured fact. It will cost over \$12,000, \$5,000 of which sum has been subscribed by St. Cloud's public-spirited business men.

Arrangements are being made to establish a large paper-mill at Koochiching, in the Rainy River District. H. V. Winchell, of Minneapolis, is interested. There is spruce timber in abundance there, and excellent water-power.

The American Sugar Beet Construction Company, of Chicago, offers to establish a sugar beet factory at Mankato if the citizens of that place raise \$150,000 to aid the enterprise.

About 150 wholesale and retail lumbermen from Minnesota, Wisconsin and other States have gone on an excursion to Washington and Oregon to post up on the lumber resources of the Pacific Coast. Such a trip will afford many surprises to those who know the Northwest only by hearsay.

The dedication exercises of the new bridge connecting Superior and Duluth were held Tuesday afternoon, July 13, before a large and interested audience.

The following rates of toll have been fixed upon by the Bridge Company: Footmen, five cents; bicycle and rider, five cents; horse and buggy and driver, fifteen cents; cattle, ten cents per head; team and driver with wagon, twenty-five cents. The rates of toll for street-car passengers remain the same as at present, ten cents from Superior to any part of Duluth and vice versa.

North Dakota.

Wheatland is to have a new hotel. It will cost \$5,000.

Benson County is to have a new \$10,000 court-house at Minnewaukan.

A company is being formed to erect a \$16,000 flour-mill at Ellendale.

The Goose River Bank has prepared plans for a big brick block in Mayville.

A \$2,000 bonus is offered for the establishment of a 100-barrel roller mill in Ellendale.

Sheldon is improving rapidly. Besides the new bank building, which will cost \$4,000, there is to be erected a \$5,000 store block and several other structures.

Fargo is going right ahead. Among the building improvements are eight houses that are being erected by one man. Houses are in great demand there.

The Mandan wool market is well-stocked this season. A good local authority told the *Mandan Pioneer* that there would be fully 300,000 pounds of wool marketed there for 1897. Owing to the lateness of the shearing—fully two weeks later than last year—and other causes, one of which is the very long distance some of the wool has to be hauled, it is late coming in, and it is not coming in very fast. Some of the wool is hauled seventy-five miles. Buyers state that the wool is lighter, cleaner and contains less grease than it has for several years. Holders are not anxious to sell at present prices, though they are fairly high.

South Dakota.

Yankton is doing lots of building this year.

Aberdeen will soon have a new Catholic church. It will cost \$10,000.

Yankton's new schoolhouse will be built of pressed brick and cost \$10,000.

Owen & Hille, of Minneapolis, have secured the contract for the Indian school buildings at Flandreau. The amount bid was \$38,000.

The Black Hills Country is highly excited over the discovery of what seems to be an inexhaustible supply of gold in the mine known as the Tornado, largely owned by Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago. The Tornado is located on Bald Mountain. The ore now being mined is uniformly worth \$30 a ton, an assay which is rich in profit for the chlorination treatment. This mine is said to rival the greatest gold finds, such as the Granite Mountain and the Homestake. A cross-cut is now being made, and the company will know before long the width of the fissure. The discovery has greatly enhanced the value of the neighboring properties, since it points to the perpetuity and importance of the district.

Montana.

A new Catholic church in Butte will cost \$11,000.

Butte mines paid dividends last year to the amount of \$7,386,700, as against \$3,634,595 for the previous year.

The *Dillon Examiner* says that the Hershfield Cattle Company at Miles City sold 1,000 three-year-old steers for \$40 each.

A Bozeman firm shipped over 14,000,000 pounds of barley to Europe last year. Gallatin Valley barley is in great demand from foreign brewers.

Bannack is experiencing a new era of prosperity. Three monster dredges are now at work recovering the precious metal from the bottom of Grasshopper Creek in Beaverhead County. Astonishing success is reported.

Up to July 26 there were over 3,000,000 pounds of wool in the warehouse at Big Timber, and wool was coming in every day at a rapid rate. Before the season for wool hauling is through there will probably be over 5,000,000 pounds of wool shipped from this one place.

The Helena Business Men's Association has begun a campaign for the union of Montana cities in advertising that State. The circular calls for "the organization of commercial clubs in every county in the

State, each club to work for the advancement of the interests of its own locality, and clubs to co-operate actively as members of a State league of commercial clubs for the general good of Montana."

The *Helena Independent* is authority for the statement that the old Drumlummon mine is still a producer and that the company has resumed operations on a large scale. The *Independent* says: "A year ago the rumor gained some credence that the old Drumlummon mine was about played out. Today the force employed by the company is as large as it ever was, and in a short time, when, it is expected, the sixty-stamp mill will be crushing ore, the number of men in the company's employ will be larger than ever before in its history. There are now about 350 men on the pay-roll of the company. Until last year the Drumlummon mine was a steady producer almost from the time the English company bought the property from Thomas Cruse, of this city. Less than a year ago, both mills were closed down, as it was found that they were keeping ahead of production. The closing of the mills gave rise to reports that the ore bodies had been exhausted and that the mine which had produced so many million dollars in dividends would yield no more. In a few days Marysville will resound with the noise of 120 stamps, as of old, for both mills will be crushing Drumlummon ore. The ore-bins of the sixty-stamp mill have been filled, but there has been a delay in receiving new amalgamating plates which are to be put in the larger of the two mills. These are expected to arrive any day, and just as soon as they can be put in position, steam will be turned into the big engine furnishing motive power for the twelve batteries of stamps." Everyone will be glad to know that the Drumlummon is again in position to produce golden wealth. It will be of immense benefit to Marysville and all Montana.

Idaho.

The *Walton Press* says that the Morning and You Like properties are running with a full force. The mill is reported to be turning out fully 2,000 tons of concentrates a month.

A nugget weighing twelve ounces was found by Snider, Broderick & Company, the placer miners, in drifting near the mouth of Dream Gulch, says the *Coeur d'Alene Sun*. The nugget was the largest found in the gold belt for a year. It had some quartz, and seemed to have dropped out of a ledge in the gulch. The finding of this slug shows that there is some gold left in Dream Gulch.

The Charles Dickens, in Moon Gulch, just below Osburn, is said to have one of the biggest showings of any claim in the *Coeur d'Alenes*. The ore is a concentrating proposition. It is stated that one party offered \$40,000 for the property, which is now under bond and lease, but the offer was declined. An effort is being made to form a stock company for the purpose of taking up the bond and raising money with which to pay for a concentrating plant.

The Antimony Mining Company is erecting what they call an experimental furnace that will handle ten tons of crude ore every twenty-four hours. The furnace is known as the "Kratzer." The ore is first put in the furnace and roasted until the antimony is driven off in the form of an oxide; it is carried in that form through a flue to the condensing room 350 feet distant from the furnace, passing through that room to one lined with canvas twenty feet further away. The oxide is then collected for the smelting furnace. The ore is crushed until it is about ten inches square, that being considered the best size for successful handling. If the furnace now under construction does what is expected of it, others will be built and the capacity be increased. The mine is located two miles from Kingston. The vein is from one to six feet thick, and averages twenty per cent antimony.

Oregon.

Astoria now has a paid fire department.

The Don Juan mine, Kelley & Allen, proprietors, has been sold for \$30,000 to Denver parties.

Work on the factory building of the Union Woolen Mills, at Union, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The California mine, owned by Cabel & Cabbell, in the Cable Cove District, five miles northeast of the Columbia, has been sold for \$30,000.

During the first half of June there were shipped from Huntington and Ontario 600 car-loads of cattle, or about 15,000 head. This, at an average of \$20 a head, would mean \$300,000.

There are about six million pounds of wool now stored at the different warehouses in The Dalles, and

from two to three million pounds yet to come.—*The Dallas Times-Mountaineer.*

A pine-needle manufacturing company has been organized by the business men's association of Grant's Pass to manufacture articles out of pine needles, such as oils, extracts, wool for mattresses, cigarettes for throat and lung diseases, etc., which are now imported from Germany.

Estimates put on the wheat-crop of Eastern Oregon are that there will be in the neighborhood of 15,000,000 bushels harvested this season. Umatilla County is put down for 5,000,000 bushels, Union for 3,000,000, Sherman for 3,000,000, Wasco for 1,000,000, Morrow and Gilliam for 1,500,000, while Baker, Wallowa and Crook will probably yield 1,500,000.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Washington.

Ellensburg now has a bank.

Seattle is to have a new flour-mill. It will be 96x142 feet in dimensions and cost \$65,000.

A complete foundry and machine shop is being put in at Aberdeen, the plant to cost about \$10,000.

The Spokane Fruit Fair will open Sept. 20 and close Oct. 9. A more successful fair is promised this year than ever before.

The capacity of the State Fish Hatchery at Baker Lake will this season be increased from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000. Sockeye salmon have already appeared in the lake to spawn.

The flour-mills of Seattle have been running night and day because of the great demand for breadstuffs from China and Japan.

It is reported that 10,000 head of horses have been bought in the section of country between Umatilla and Castle Rock, in Washington, by the Linnton Cannery, at an average of \$1.50 per head.

By the completion of a new logging railroad near Florence, by the big logging concerns of Cobb, Sisco and Haley, from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 feet of timber will be tapped. A crew of sixty men have completed three-fourths of a mile of the track, and another crew at work near Lake Goodwin are cutting about 100,000 feet of logs a day.

The fruit crop of Washington this year is expected to be a record breaker. All sections anticipate big crops and are arranging to market a greater part of the output than formerly and in much better shape. So far Sumner, North Yakima, Snake River and Walla Walla have been the chief gathering points. Wenatchee promises to be a big shipper East as well as to the Sound markets, hereafter.—*Seattle West Coast Trade.*

It is estimated that the wheat-crop of Washington this year will be the largest in its history and will probably amount to 20,000,000 bushels, an excess of 8,000,000 bushels over the largest preceding crop. With the present assurance that the price will not open below fifty cents, this means ten millions of dollars to be distributed among the farmers of the State.—*Yakima Herald.*

Spokane is to have the second largest Catholic college in the Northwest. It will be built by the Jesuit fathers and will be known as Gonzaga College, taking the place of the present college of that name. The bare building will cost \$100,000. It will be the largest building in the city, the new court-house not excepted. The main building will be 180 feet long, ninety-five feet in width and five stories in height.

Canadian Northwest.

Real estate has made rapid advances in Rat Portage, Ont. Building operations are brisk.

The Payne mine at Sandon ships 160 tons of ore each day and employs seventy men in the mine.

Winnipeg's Industrial Fair opened July 19 and closed July 25. It was largely attended and proved successful from every point of view.

The Le Roi Mining Company declared a dividend of \$25,000 on July 20, the second one paid during that month. The mine has paid \$450,000 in dividends to date.

The seven-drill air-compressor formerly in operation on the LeRoi mine has been removed to the Lily May mine and will be put up to operate on that property.

The Sovereign claim, on Lookout Mountain, is proving a veritable bonanza, and there is now in the workings a ten-foot ledge, over one-half of which is solid

ore that assays all the way from \$37.20 to \$50.40. In all probability the property will soon be developed by a shaft.

A few weeks ago the Hall Mines Refinery Company at Nelson, B. C., shipped eight carloads or 160 tons of copper to Liverpool, Eng. It was the first copper from British Columbia.

The Montezuma Mining Company, of Kaslo, B. C., has let the contract for furnishing machinery for a 100-ton concentrator and a double tramway 8,500 feet long. These improvements will cost \$45,000.

The Seine River gold district in Ontario is developing rapidly and new and important strikes are reported almost daily. It is sure to be a prosperous region, where all lines of business will do well.

The Heinze smelter at Trail is now furnished with electric power, and all the machinery is run by this method. The plant is a large one and, aside from furnishing power, it also furnishes the lights for the smelter and works, as well as for the town of Trail.

The Rossland (B. C.) *Miner* says that the towns in the Kootenai Country have shown surprising growth. Nelson has at least trebled in population in the past two years. Sandon is the liveliest city of its size in the West. Cody is developing into a camp of importance, while New Denver, Silverton and Slocan City are making more rapid strides than any towns in other parts of the Province. Cariboo Creek camp is waking up, and all along the Columbia River new towns, some of which are bound to be important, are springing into existence. It is clear that West Kootenai will have doubled its population before the end of 1897.

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OF all the vast territory in the Northwest that has been OPENED TO HOME-SEEKERS during the last few years, there is none, in our opinion, that is more inviting than THAT PORTION OF MINNESOTA SHOWN ON THE ABOVE MAP.

Stock-raising or farming in this section could certainly be made very profitable. Plenty of pure water, with an abundance of natural grasses and a local market that is good throughout the entire year. The lands are cheap, ranging in price from \$2 to \$6 per acre. J. M. ELDER of Brainerd, Minnesota, has been very active in opening up this country, and parties desiring information regarding it would do well to correspond with him.

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The butchers and dairymen of Switzerland use oil of bay rubbed on their shelves and about their walls to rid their places of flies. They use it in Paris to protect the chandeliers and picture-frames. This simple and inexpensive remedy can be had at any first-class drug-store.

To Restore Scorched Linen.

To restore scorched linen, take two onions, peel and slice them, and extract the juice by squeezing or by pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well and spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterward, wash out the linen.

Ironing Fine Linens.

In the laundry-work department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, the classes are taught that fine linens should not be always ironed the same way, the frequent changing of the folds making them more durable. They may be ironed double occasionally, then in triple folds, or in other ways that change the creases. Napkins are treated similarly. Iron them with the warp (that is, straight up and down) to prevent scalloping.

Some Simple and Available Remedies.

Good Housekeeping says: "To disguise the taste of castor oil, take a little orange before and after it; to stop hiccup, use a lump of sugar, or press on the upper lip, or see how closely you can hold the tips of your forefingers without touching. For heartburn, take one-half teaspoonful of salt in a little water. For dyspepsia, use a little salt and water, gradually increased in doses, each morning before breakfast for several days. For neuralgia, apply a bag of hot sand."

Be Prompt.

Thank a person for a gift the day it arrives. Acknowledge an invitation for dinner luncheon the day it arrives.

Acknowledge the receipt of a check at once. Send an address the day it is asked for.

Thank your hostess for your visit the day you return home.

Either leave your card or write a note to a friend as soon as you hear that that friend is ill.

Keep sufficient paper and envelopes on hand, so that your notes can be written at once, and remember that a dainty note is the hall-mark of good breeding.

Girls Expect too Much of Young Men.

"The average young man is the agreeable fellow who earns enough money to take care of himself and to put by a little for special occasions," writes Ruth Ashmore in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*. "But he is not a millionaire, and he is not the young man drawn by those illustrators who, in black and white, give us so-called society sketches. A combination of foolish influences makes the girl of today expect entirely too much from the young man of today. She reads, or is told, that when a young man is engaged to be married he sends his fiancée so many pounds of sweets, so many boxes of flowers, as well as all the new books and all the

new music that may appear each week. * * If there were more honest girls in this world—honest in their treatment of young men—there would be a greater number of marriages and fewer thieves. Yes, I mean exactly what I say. It is the expectation on the part of a foolish girl that a man should do more than he can honestly, that has driven many men to the penitentiary, and many more to lives of so-called single blessedness."

Cautions for Kitchens.

All copper vessels should be re-tinned directly the surface shows signs of being worn. Neither acid, salt nor fatty bodies will attack well-cleaned copper vessels; vinegar may even be boiled in them with safety, but should it be allowed to cool in the vessels, it will dissolve enough copper to become dangerous. The advantage in copper poisoning is that one of the first symptoms is vomiting; that is to say, the poison is rejected from the system. Zinc, though it conceals itself so often under the name of "galvanized iron," is still more dangerous than copper. No acid foods or liquids should ever be allowed to remain in galvanized vessels. Lead, from a culinary point of view, is the least to be recommended of all the metals, as it poisons slowly without producing vomiting, while tin, iron, steel and nickel are practically harmless.

—*Good Housekeeping*.

Window Gardening.

The plan adopted of putting pots (sunk in cocoanut fiber) into window-boxes is now very much in favor, as it not only enables the plants that have finished flowering to be at once removed and replaced by others, but also enables a much better class of plants to be used; roses, for instance, can thus be utilized for window-boxes without any difficulty. A visit to any large grower of roses during this month will soon enable you to make a choice. There you will see, in the houses set apart for rose-trees, dwarf sturdy plants just coming into bloom. The tea roses are the best plants for this purpose, and those plants should be chosen that have plenty of buds, so as to prolong the time of flowering. Three roses, two white and a dark red, or a white, a pink and a dark red, should be put into each box with pots of forget-me-not between them, or small pots of hardy ferns can be put between the roses instead of the forget-me-not. The boxes, when the roses are in flower, will have a beautiful effect. When the roses have finished flowering, remove them and replace them with geraniums or begonias, with lobelias between each pot; and, if there is room enough in the box, put in two small pots of ivy-leaved geranium, which will fall over and soon hide the front of the box with its flowers.

Our August Scrap-Book.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannel.

Napkins should always be folded with the selvage toward the ironer.

Calicoes, gingham and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

Embroideries should be ironed on thick flannel and on the wrong side.

Stains may be removed from the hands by rubbing the spots with a slice of tomato.

All traces of mud stains can be removed from black cloth by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

An iron scorch can be removed by hanging the garment where the hot sun will shine upon the scorch mark.

In cases of a sudden leak, and when it is evident that the plumber will not be in a great hurry to get to you, mix some yellow soap and whiting with enough water to make a thick

paste, and you can stop the leak yourself. It will do for a while as well as solder.

In cleaning frescoed or papered walls, put a soft cotton-flannel bag, with fleecy side out, on a broom and wipe them down, beginning at the cornice and coming down straight to the base-board with an even pressure. All walls should be cleaned straight up or down—never cross. Change the bag frequently if the walls are much soiled. Flannel is very good to use, too.

Flaxseed lemonade is said to be an excellent remedy for a cold. To one pint of water use three teaspoonfuls of flaxseed; squeeze in the juice of two lemons, being careful not to let a single seed drop in; simmer ten minutes, then add sugar to taste; boil up once, then strain and set away to cool. A good mouthful at a time is enough to stop coughing. It should not be taken over once an hour.

Our Little Household Pets.

The little household pets that help to make home charming are all too apt to be neglected. The attention that should rob their captivity of restlessness, develop their intelligence and win their loving confidence is oftentimes bestowed grudgingly, if it be bestowed at all. This is especially true of bird pets. The time always comes when one has a longing to own a bird; so a beautiful little canary is bought, put in a tiny cage that will hardly afford him a respectable hop, and then the gilded prison is hung—not where there is pure air and song-inspiring light, but beneath the ceiling somewhere, suspended by a cord to a hook—just where it ought not to be hung. Birds require warmth in winter and coolness in summer, just as their masters do. They should be fed regularly, and fresh water should be given them at least three times a day. They need baths three times a week, sometimes oftener. Now and then their little claws require clipping, and it should never be forgotten that birds are dainty little creatures and will lose all their brightness and beauty if the cage be not cleaned daily. In the summer months they should be given a bit of clean moist sand to pick over and hop upon, and a leaf of lettuce or a piece of cabbage will be appreciated by them.

The average canary can be made very companionable. If you have one in your home and talk to him, pet him and show him that you love him and take cognizance of his existence, you will be surprised to learn how easily and intelligently he conveys to you a knowledge of his needs and desires. He will tell you when he wishes new seed—he will let you know when he wants a bath, and he will scold you or love you, according to his mood. The one important thing to do is to win a bird's complete confidence. Your pet is dependent on you; show him that his dependence and confidence are not in vain. If he is nervous or frightened over a shadow on the wall or over a dog or a cat, soothe him, protect him, and thus teach him to cry out to you and to depend upon you, at all times, when his little heart flutters with fear. It will not hurt him to be handled occasionally. Do not press or squeeze him, and try not to ruffle his plumage. In a very short time he will learn to sit lovingly on your shoulder, whispering his sweet nothings in your ear, or perhaps scolding you if you make too sudden a movement.

In possessing one's self of a pet, whether it be a bird or a dog, one assumes a responsibility. Neglect, abuse, unkindness, soon reduces these poor things to a pitiable condition. Care for them, love them, pet them, teach them, and they become valued members of the family circle. You will never miss saying "good-night" and "good-morning" to them, and money would be but a poor exchange for the sweetness and tenderness which they bring into one's daily life.

IDA LEE.

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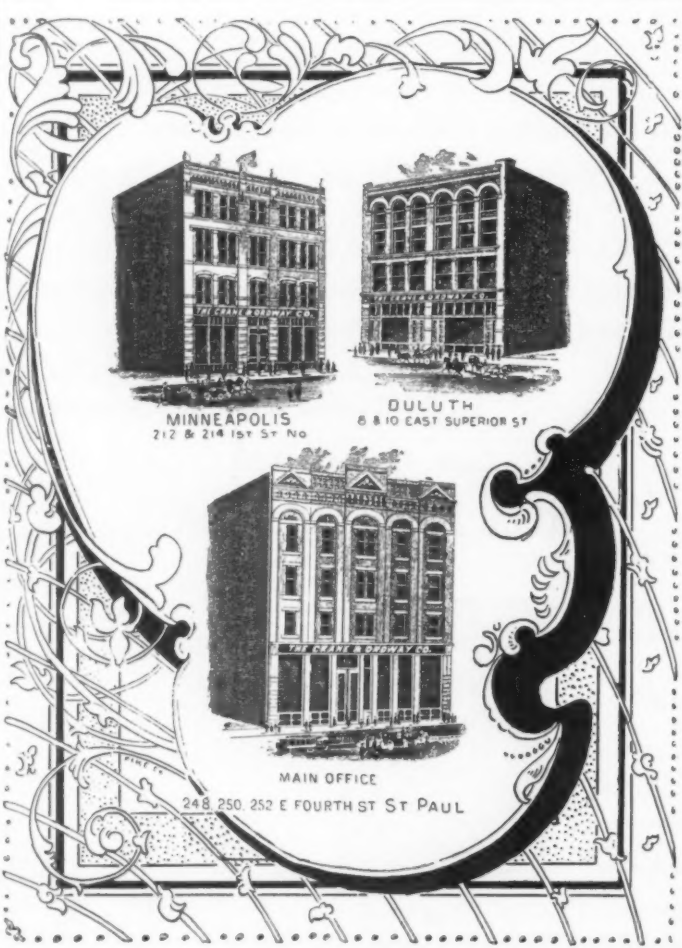


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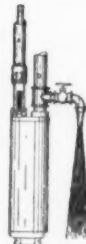
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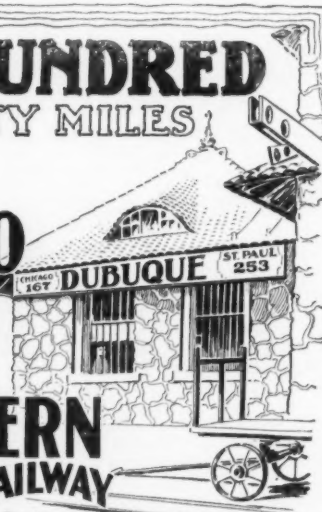
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WANTED A MORTGAGE.

Attorney John Burke, of Rolla, N. D., tells a good story in the *La Moure Chronicle* of that State.

A Swede came into his office one day, and after a wondering glance around, demanded:

"Is here ben a lawyer's office?"

"Yes; I'm a lawyer."

"Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I skall have a paper made."

"What kind of a paper do you want?"

"Well, I tank I skall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me piece of land from Nels Peterson, and I want a mortgage for it."

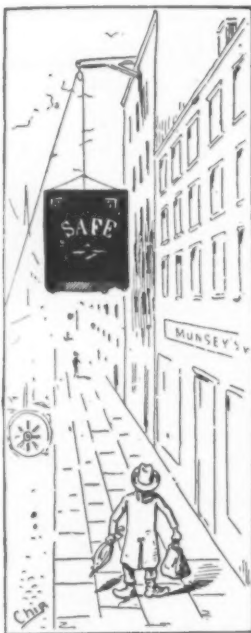
"Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed."

"No, maister; I tank I want mortgage. You see, I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got deeb for dem, and 'nother faller come along with mortgage and he take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time."

FRESH FROM THE HILLS.

The Northport (Wash.) *News* is responsible for the following:

"A certain prominent mining man of this vicinity, who had never ridden in an elevator, during a recent visit to Spokane was invited to a friend's room, which is located in the top story of a certain sky-



"Well, I'm glad it's safe. It looks rather dangerous to me."

scraping block. Leaving the street and entering the elevator was done before the rural visitor was aware of the situation, and when the elevator boy gave the cage a quick shoot upwards the miner grabbed his friend, gasped for breath and yelled:

"Let up, sir, d—n quick! You can't run any bunco game on me."

"By this time the 'machine' stopped, and the rural gentleman was ushered into elegant apartments. Looking out of the window he estimated the distance, and then said:

"It beats the devil! How in thunder did we get here, anyhow?"

"In going down, he insisted on paying the fare and wanted to charter the danged thing for the whole afternoon. He is now figuring on putting an elevator in the shaft of the — mines."

HE ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

Sometimes a dull, uninteresting person makes a witty remark that surprises himself as well as his hearers, observes the *Spokane Review*, of Spokane. Such an event happened at a dinner party not long ago. A young man noted for his dullness had been paired with a young lady who possessed great conver-

sational ability. The contrast was so remarkable that every one said the lady would have a hard time doing all the amusing. But they were fooled. The couple had been seated at the table some time, when the lady took a drink of water. Suddenly she was affected with a fit of violent coughing. The attention of all the diners was called to her, and, evidently thinking an explanation in order, she started to give her excuse for interrupting the merriment. She explained that it had been caused by a bit of thread she had been chewing.

At last she extracted the offending bit of thread, and said:

"Why, it is a little feather! Isn't that funny?"

"Yes; you must have taken a cocktail!" was the reply of her partner.



SHE TOOK HIM FOR "WORSE."

Yesterday afternoon a local church was the scene of a wedding and also one of the funniest incidents that ever occurred during the performance of that solemn ceremony, says the *Port Townsend (Wash.) Call*. The bride and groom, both natives of sunny Italy, or sunny somewhere else, had decided that single blessedness was no longer to their liking; so a wedding was decided upon. The minister who was to officiate had but short notice, and consequently no "rehearsals" of the important and impressive performance could be indulged in. He did find time, however, to inform the contracting parties that when he asked them questions they must answer, and on this information the funny incident hinged; for when the blushing and dusky bride was asked:

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" she blandly answered that she took him for "worse."

The mistake was too much for the groom, who guffawed in a loud tone, the merriment spreading through the family of the bride and among the few auditors present, until everyone joined in the laughter. The bride, blushing but a moment before, did not see anything funny about the matter, and proceeded to burst into tears. These were finally dried, and the ceremony was concluded.



HE NOW WAITS HIS TURN.

A local barber tells the following story at the expense of a prominent Spokane lawyer:

"Judge — came into my shop the other morning in a great hurry. He had an important case on in the superior court, and had overslept. It so happened that there were two or three men waiting, so I suggested to the judge that perhaps the man who was next might be willing to yield to his emergency.

"The 'next' man was a stranger to me. He was probably just in from a winter's stay in the mines—with a head that looked as if he patronized a barber about twice a year. Well, the judge went up to him and offered to pay the bill if he would allow him his turn, and the man promptly accepted.

"Two days later Judge — came in for his regular shave and 'sham.' When he was preparing to leave, he asked for the bill of that obliging chap that gave me his turn. I gave it to him, and there was a shout of laughter when he held it out at arm's length, and said, 'Jee-whitaker!'

"It was for a shave, hair-cut, shampoo, dyed mustache, bath, and shine. The judge paid the bill, but now he waits his turn."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



HE WAS SKEPTICAL.

A good story of a tandem and of the town comes from Port Townsend, Wash. One of the "oldest inhabitants" was recently noticed making a critical examination of a tandem wheel which stood at the edge of the sidewalk.

"What are these handles back here for," he asked of the owner.

"For the rider in the rear to steer with," was the answer.

"But it's got the same things in front," said the pioneer.

"Well, both riders steer."

"But," persisted the old man, "suppose this rider steers this way and that rider that way. What's the result?"

Then the owner of the wheel made a detailed explanation of its construction, and showed how both riders, by sympathy of mutual agreement, steered to the right or left at the same time.

"Humph!" grunted the old-timer. "I didn't think there was two people in this man's town that could agree long enough to ride one of them things."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.



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about Fall and Winter Wear, such as Furs, Plush and Cloth Garments. We make old plush garments new. Do not cast them aside. You can have your work done cheaper now than when the rush begins. Do not delay. We are the only **REASONABLE-PRICED** firm in the Northwest. We **REMODEL OLD GARMENTS** to the **LATEST FASHIONS**. Tailor-made suits and plain dresses made cheaper than by any other house. Special prices made to patrons sending in orders and mentioning this magazine.

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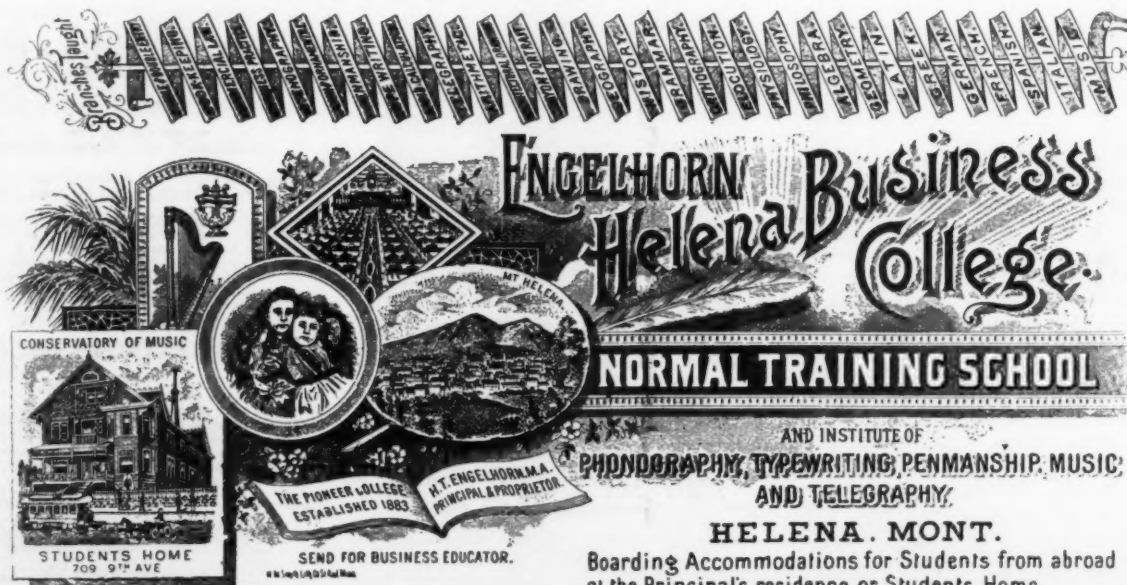
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

BROTHER BUCK AND SISTER DOE.—A resident of Pendleton, Oregon, is the proud possessor of a buck and a doe, of the common American deer variety, of which he thinks a great deal. The *East Oregonian* of that town says that the buck is not inclined to make much of a show of himself, but the doe is decidedly new in that regard. She leaps from a pile of straw to the roof of the barn on a warm day, and uses that elevated position as a promenade, thus attracting the attention of the neighborhood generally. It may be a bit of feminine vanity, but it is probably because she wishes to get away from the flies, which bother her when she remains on the ground in the corral.

A DUEL BETWEEN STALLIONS.—Not long ago a settler who lives between Little and Big canyons in the Nez Perce Reservation, Idaho, stated to the *Nez Perce News* that he had recently witnessed a terrific combat between two cayuse stallions, near his place. The two stallions, one a white and the other a bay, became involved in a dispute as to which was the rightful guardian of a band of ponies, and then followed such a fight as is rarely witnessed between animals. When the contest ended, and it lasted half an hour, the white horse limped away with a fearfully lacerated shoulder and a gaping wound in the neck, while the victorious bay, with blood streaming from a dozen wounds, rounded up the band and herded them off to the northwest, now and then giving vent to a shrill neigh of victory.

WOLFERS IN MONTANA.—Some of the great cattle companies in Montana employ men to kill the wolves which infest their ranges. These men are called "wolfers." They are paid \$40 per month and "grub," and, in addition, the companies cash the wolfers' bounty certificates at par. As the bounty is \$3 per wolf, the total pay received is not inconsiderable. Sometimes they mine into wolf dens 150 feet or more, so as to get the wolf cubs. In one den seventeen cubs were found. At other times the dens are blown up with dynamite. The *Billings (Mont.) Times* says that the necessity for vigorous action against the wolves is apparent when their great fecundity is taken into consideration, and the greater the incentive to their destruction the sooner will it cease to be necessary to pay out large sums for their extermination.

THE RED SEA MIRACLE IN OREGON.—According to the *Klamath Falls (Ore.) Express*, the miracle of the Red Sea is repeated in that State quite frequently. At certain periods of the year the Link River, a stream a mile and a quarter long that connects the great water systems above and below the Falls, becomes almost dry for several hours at a time, during which period people have been known to walk across the river, 300 feet wide, without getting their feet wet. There are many traditions among the Indians here, regarding this phenomenon, but the real cause of the low water in the river is the action of the wind. The course of the stream is southeast, and the high winds which prevail in the spring and fall are from the south, and blow up the river. The outlet from the upper lake being small, the force of the wind keeps the water back in the big lake, causing the river to become very low.

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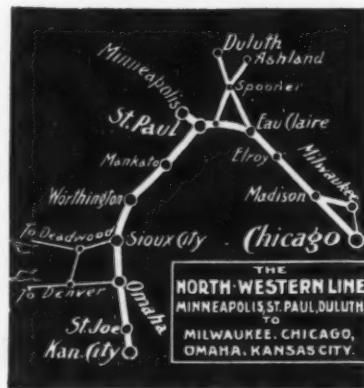
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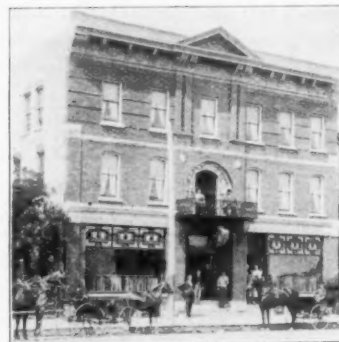
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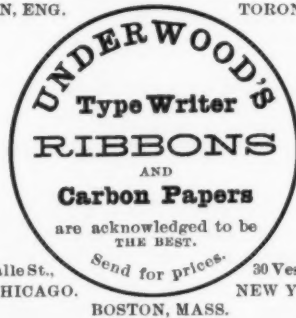
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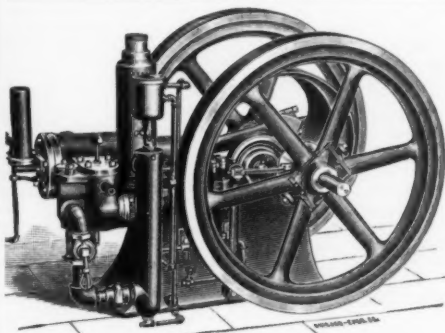
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"Papa, what is a ground-hog?"
"Why, er-er sausage, my son."

The longer a man is married, the less room he finds for his clothes in any of the closets.

Barber—"Bay rum, sir?"
Farmer Graball—"Don't keer ef I do? Jest a super so."

She—"I think it is cruel to catch fish."
He—"But I am not catching them; I am merely feeding them."

Goldringski (the rich pawnbroker)—"No, mein young frendt, I can'd be your fader-in-law, but (snuvely) I vill be an ungle to you."

Miss Oldbird (affianced, somewhat sadly)—"Oh, my count! you love me now, but will you love me after our union?"

The Count (ecstatically)—"Loaf? Why, mein tarling, I vill be vun g-r-r-r-and loafer all my life!"



Professional Gentleman (whose parachute has collapsed), shouting to gentleman below—"You've got just ten seconds, Jimmy, to move that fat gent over where I kin fall on him."

"Why are you sad, Mabel, darling?"
"I was thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening that we could be together until tomorrow."

"Do you succeed in picking up a living?" said the robin to the toad.
"Oh, yes," replied the toad; but it keeps me on the jump."

Minder—"Would you consider it proper to precede the father of your sweetheart downstairs?"
Blinder—"It may be proper, but it isn't always good policy."

Mr. Sparks—"Sir, I love your daughter so that I cannot live without her."
Old Gruffy—"Good! Go away somewhere and die. That's another load off my mind."

Jennie—"Your lawn is mowed beautifully; it looks like velvet."
Mattie—"It ought to. I never saw any velvet that cost as much per yard as that lawn does."

Yabsley—"I see that somebody has got up a beer siphon that is said to be an improvement on the mineral water siphon."

Mudge—"Said to be? It must be!"

Mr. Hicks—"A burned child dreads the fire, you know, Melissa."

Mrs. Hicks—"Well, that's where a burned child has the advantage of a man who bets on horse races."

Toms—"What do you think of Tesla's scheme of telegraphing without wires?"

Oldby—"That's nothing new; my wife has kicked my shins under the table for twenty years past."

I envy Paderewski and
The very handy way
He has of doing business, for
His work is naught but play.

"They tell me, Grimly, that your daughter sings with great expression."

"Greatest expression you ever saw. Her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing at her best."

De Bangs—"I bought a shirt at this store; can I exchange it at this counter?"

Saleslady (somewhat embarrassed)—"Well—er—don't you think you had better go where you can have more privacy?"

Little Johnny—"Pa, why is it that they have that big eagle where the minister stands in church?"

Pa—"Because, my son, the eagle is a bird of prey. When you want to know anything always come right to your papa."

"Jorkins is a humorous sort of chap, isn't he?"

"At times."

"He got off a good thing last night."

"What was it?"

"His bicycle."

"Shay, m' (hic) fr'en!" said Lushington after vainly fumbling with his latch-key for twenty minutes.

"Well?" returned the pusher-by.

"Have you (hic) gosh a shing as a spare key-hole about you?"

"See here! That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000."

"Well, you won't."

"Do you call that fresh pork?" said the chronic growler. "Why, it's an insult to every hog in the land."

"I beg your pardon," said the waiter, politely; "I did not mean to insult you."

Mrs. Boardeman—"A Kentucky man has recovered a ham which was stolen several years ago. It had become petrified."

Boarder—"Petrified! That's hard, I'll admit, but let it pass, please; let it pass."

"Won't you try the chicken soup, judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her boarder, not noticing that he had gone beyond the soup stage in his dinner.

"I have tried it, madam," replied the judge. "The chicken has proved an alibi."

"What would you say to a good, steady job of work?" asked the kind woman.

"What would I say to a job of work?" repeated Perry Patettie. "Missus, it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it."

Jones—"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are."

Smith—"Yes; there's Professor Lingwist, for instance. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get in a word edgeways."

Priest—"Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money enough to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute?"

Pat—"Me services, sor."

Priest—"What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter?"

Pat—"No; but if it rains next Sunday I'll sit over the hole."

A countryman was sowing his ground, when, two young fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air:

"Well, honest fellow, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor."

To which the countryman replied:

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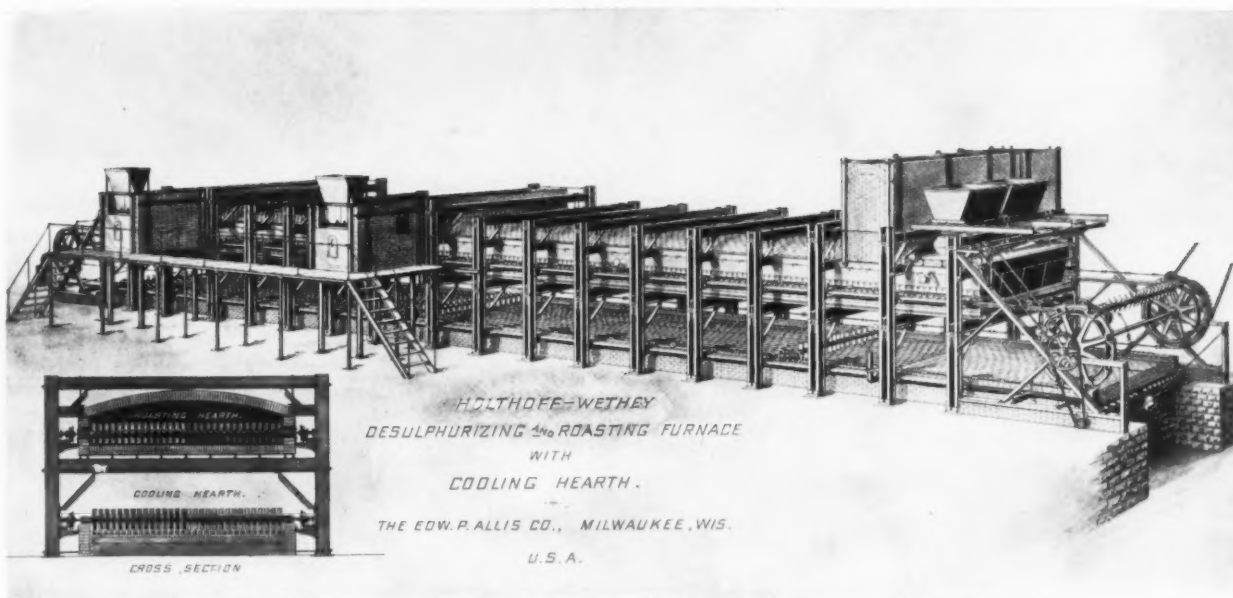
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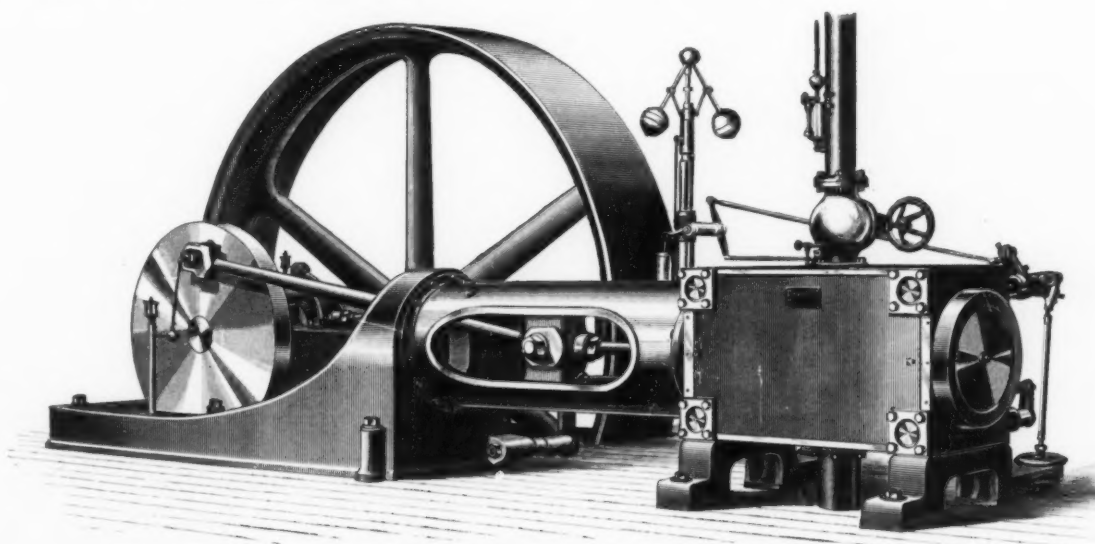
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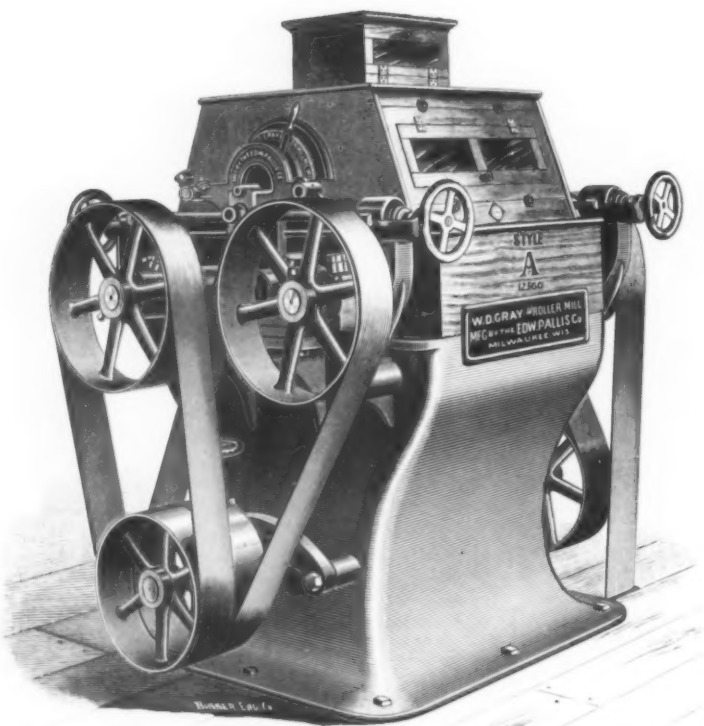
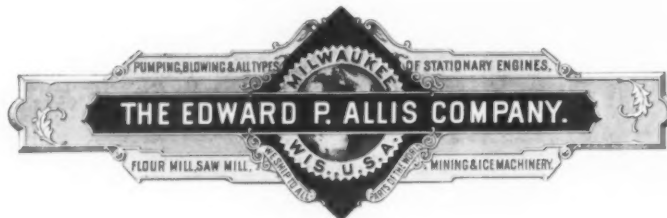
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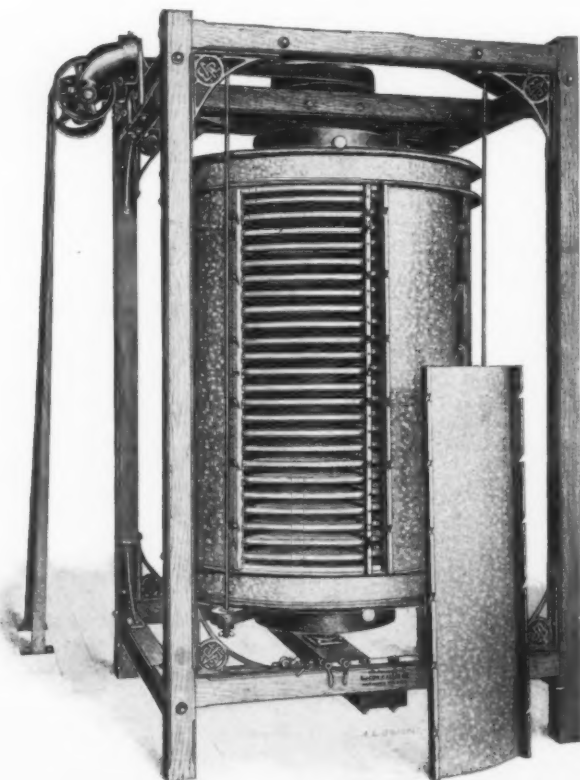
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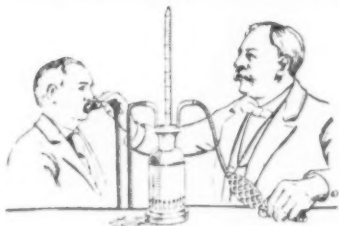
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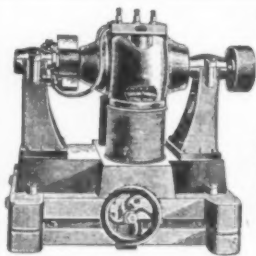


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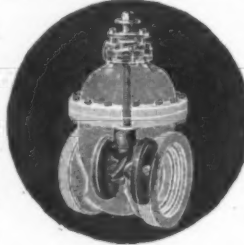
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